



Kids' stuff



KRAB



ANDREA IVANCICH



JANET VASPER

Dear Pamela, Peter, and Greg,

I am 11 years old, and I am glad you came to see our class. We are glad that people as nice as you are nice enough that you share fun and typical music of the Americans and the world. I live on a farm and we have cows that must be milked at our barn; it has power lines up to it and my brother and I like to listen to Krab.

All me,
Peter Alan Bynce

RECENTLY, PAMELA JENNINGS WHO DOES OUR WEEKLY CHILDREN'S SHOW ON SUNDAY MORNINGS WAS INVITED TO COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL TO TALK TO THE SIXTH GRADERS ABOUT KRAB AND RADIO PRODUCTION. THE LETTER ABOVE AND THE PICTURES WERE SENT TO PAMELA AFTER HER VISIT THERE. PETER AND GREG ARE KRAB VOLUNTEERS WHO HELP PRODUCE "TENNIS SHOES AND T-SHIRTS" EVERY SUNDAY MORNING. THANKS TO ALL THE GREAT KIDS AT COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE. I'M SORRY I COULDN'T PRINT ALL THE TERRIFIC LETTERS. SEE YOU IN THE SPRING FOR AN ALL-KIDS RADIO PRODUCTION?!



BETSY



ROBIN ESTEP



Steven J. I.

DARGON THE DANGEROUS DRAGON WAS SENT TO US IN RESPONSE TO THE DRAWING CONTEST HELD A FEW WEEKS AGO ON THE SAME SHOW. I WISH WE COULD REPRODUCE HIS BRILLIANT GREEN COLOR. THANK YOU, STEVEN J. IMMERWAHR!



LETTERS



Dear Sirs:

In its early years KRAB was an absolute necessity for us. Aside from its novelty and the wonderfully irreverent posture of Lorenzo M., the station was exciting, challenging and fulfilling. It thrived on controversy, and it was valid for it was open to all with something to say. I realize that its strength, Lorenzo's unique presence both in the station and the community, proved the great weakness when he moved on. There has been strife and much personal sacrifice by many dedicated people. I'm not at all convinced that larger budget, more power and more studio will be the solution unless the original concept can be recaptured and translated into terms of the present. I see signs that this is happening. Chuck Reinsch has articulated much of what needs to be said. Our most earnest best wishes to all of you who cling to the ideal.

Sincerely,
H. Vernon Jackson

STOP

Gentlemen:

Since the first announcement that KRAB was to go on the air, we were boosters. We subscribed and we donated. I begged Mr. Milam from the start for a phone-in talk show. Nothing much came of it as he was against talk shows per se. Briefly there were some, but they were not given a chance. Scheduling was erratic and they often weren't in the guide. While I didn't agree with the ideas and attitudes of the moderators, I didn't object to that. But they didn't seem to care about whether or not they had a talk show. I guess one was put off and the other took off. For a long time I thought they were one and the same man, and I'm still not sure. But that is neither here nor there--the point is, why don't you have a talk show? You have so much music and some don't care for it. If I did, I'd play my own records or tapes. But a live talk show--that can only be done by a station--that is a public service--that is a bridge on the various communication gaps. Please! Huh?

Sincerely,
Frances A. Graves

STOP

I'M ROBOTNOR*FLY ME!

Dear Staff and Volunteers: GREETINGS!!!

My name is Raymond Serebrin. I am the "Staff and Volunteer Representative" of the Board of Directors of the Jack Straw Memorial Foundation. This elective position was created by the Board to improve communication between the directors (who oversee the running of KRAB from a distance) and the staff and volunteers (who actually run the station).

If you are concerned about the station's general direction, if you have any specific problems, grievances or matters which you feel should be brought to the Board's attention, please either leave a note in my box at the Doughnut Shop or the Firehouse, or call me at LA4-8629 evenings before 10 PM and we will see what we can do. This especially applies to volunteers, most of whom I rarely see.

Staff and volunteers do most of the shit work at KRAB, yet have essentially no say on the Board of Directors. I am your official mouthpiece.

I should probably end this piece like the yell king at a high school pep rally: "c'mon gang, this is our station, so let's make ourselves heard...2 bits...4 bits..." However, no one really knows whose station this is. That's why my position was created. It is our chance to "stand up and holler.....RAH!!

Your representative,

Raymond Serebrin

STOP

NATIVE AMERICAN FREE UNIVERSITY
P.O. BOX H
YELM, WN. 98597

We send this S.O.S. message to all people of peace wherever you may abide upon our common Mother Earth. We sometimes face a situation, such as now, when our own personal energies and resources will not generate enough power to function. So we must turn to the people who share our concerns and ask you to share your resources with us.

As many of you know we have been working on Indian Draft Resistance for a number of years. We have printed a booklet "Winning The Peace" which includes all educational materials we have been able to gather concerning Native people and the draft..... We have counseled and sent information to hundreds of Native people and Nations. Today we are supporting and seeking support for the coming Court Martial of Sumac, also known as Michael McCloud. Sumac is now at Fort Ord, California.

Michael McCloud officially became Sumac at a name giving ceremony in May of 1972 at his own Umatilla Reservation in Eastern Oregon. Sumac was a medicine man in Michael's family, who long ago went to the Spirit world. Michael's special qualities as a youth reminded his grandparents of Sumac, so they decided that that was to be Michael's name.

Sumac was taught by his mother, grandparents and family the traditional beliefs and knowledge of his people. He traveled with us to Akwesasne many years ago to learn from the Iroquois about the "White Roots of Peace" and stayed behind when we went home. He spent one year at Akwesasne under the tutelage of Chief Tom Porter.

When Sumac was inducted into the army in June of 1969, he did not resist because his previous training, teachings and experiences to follow the path of peace had not crystallized in him. After he spent several months in basic training he witnessed a knife fight between two G.I.'s, and at that moment he understood what the army is all about. At the first opportunity, he left for home and stayed home for two years. He did not attempt to hide. He again resumed his training. He went with his uncle Don to Hoopa where he spent 11 days on Medicine Flat under the guidance of Craig. And then, because the Traditional Nations' leaders and the Clan Mothers are concerned about the drafting of our people, we contacted Mad Bear to see what kind of instructions or spiritual help they might give. Sumac was asked to come to the summer gathering. He went to Hoopa, California to attend the meeting there and went with the "Traditional Indian Unity Caravan" to Hopiland, and then to Grand Canyon where he was arrested by Park Rangers..... The Indian leaders tried to explain that they were on their way to carry on a religious ceremony in Grand Canyon which was Indian land, and sought no violence... Their efforts to negotiate were of no avail, however, as Michael McCloud ... was held until the F.B.I. arrived to arrest him.

Sumac was taken to Flagstaff, then to Phoenix, Arizona county jail where he had his head shaved.

"There were four of us Indians, and they said: 'we'll scalp you and send you to the front lines in Vietnam, and you can kill and scalp over there'."

Sumac reported to us that there were other long hairs being detained who were white - there hair was not cut.

We close with this message. We are asking all like minded people to help us support this cause, with prayers, money, or whatever--remember that we cannot help all suffering and oppressed people at all times, but we can collectively help one Native American in his struggle, which may help others in the future. Because of Sumac's sacrifice, dedication and integrity, and our support.

May the Great Spirit guide and protect you,

Janet McCloud

STOP

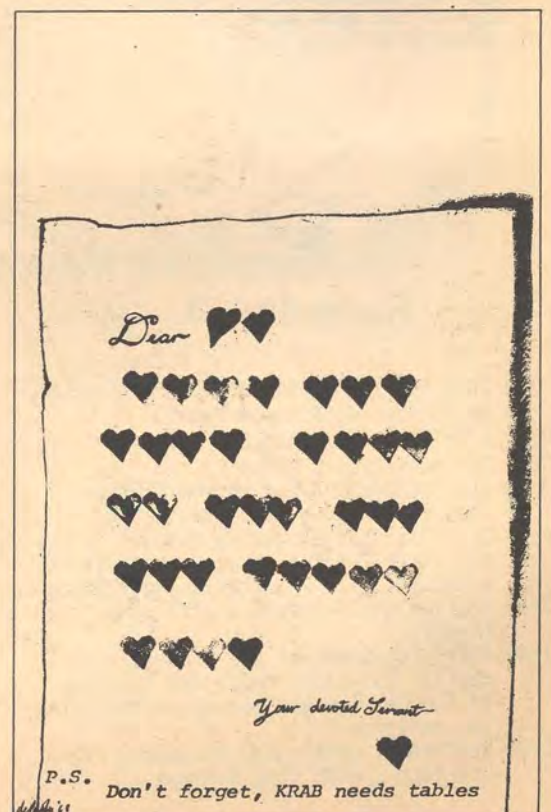


TABLE

Oh, radio KRAB, my adored bliss,
What dropped you to financial abyss?
Where scattered are your sweete subscribers
Who list, and oft, to our talk shows diverse?
While we, our friends, and kin, and kin
Would cut our tongues out from within
If only to keep us on the aire,
To play a raga, cue with care,
Suffer time and loss of ego.
Trudge through snows to do a show,
Play Ric Satie, dub Jean Shepherd,
Allow a fuck or shit to be heard,
Dare the censors, mime the Gods;
Is all for naught? Are we but clods?
Is it the times that keep the hold
On every listener's stash of gold?
Or is it we, our musicke, our voice
In which the people don't rejoice?
Prithee, gods of medialand:
While winging 'cross the FM band,
Rest a while and answer me do:
Toss a hint, flip a clue: -
In what course to wax creative
To expand our audience supportive!

Anon.

STOP



Thursday 1

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC / with many new faces
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Volume 5 - Read by Gleysteen, Engstrom & Sunflower
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 17th CENTURY VIRTUOSO VIOLIN MUSIC - the Alarius Ensemble of Brussels performs sonatas of Rossi, Cima, Castillo, Cavalli and Bertali
- 1:00 NEWS (R)
- 1:30 PADRE ANTONIO SOLER'S QUARTET NO. 6 for Organ and String Quartet with Marie-Claire Alain, organist
- 2:00 THE AFRICA PROGRAM (R)
- 3:00 OPEN TIME
- 3:30 WHAT WAS IT LIKE BACK IN '72? Christmas dinner with the Salvation Army
- 4:00 OPEN TIME
- 6:00 IF ONLY HE WERE A CLOSET QUEEN... He could have made it in the civil service. Gay Activist John Singer was fired - for being a homosexual - from the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission/Seattle, Jan. 5, 1973
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 8:00 A WOMEN'S SHOW / with Judy & Judy
- 9:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW / with Frank Krasnowsky
- 9:30 CLASSIC JAZZ / with Mike Duffy
- 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS - Now two glorious nights a week with the Captain and his band of misfits.
- 1:00 Tad Cook follows the Hams for the first time tonight. Why does he do it?



Friday 2

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Volume 5 - Read by Gleysteen, Engstrom & Sunflower
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MOTETS OF JOSQUIN DES PREZ from about the year 1500, for 4, 5, & 6 parts, performed by the Capella Antiqua of Munich, with a few ancient instruments thrown in for good measure.
- 1:00 AFRICAN REPORT (R)
- 1:30 OPEN TIME
- 2:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 OPEN TIME
- 3:00 DAS NIBELUNGENLIED VIII
- 5:00 KRUMMHORNS & KINGS / with Randy McCarty; Brandenburg Concerti are featured
- 6:30 FILM REVIEWS / with Dick Jameson
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 LATE BREAKING NEWS / with Roy Harvey
- 7:45 LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC / with Dick Koorn
- 9:00 THE TRAVELLING CHATAQUE, REVIVAL HOUR, AND MEDICINE SHOW / with Norvel Trosst: Jupiter and beyond - presented so the layman can understand it
- 11:00 BUMBLING WITH BALTIC



Saturday 3

- 9:00 JAZZ FOR A SATURDAY MORNING - A smooth awakening, with Aaron Dumas
- 12:00 ETHNIC MUSIC / with Bob Verginia
- 2:00 THE ALAN VEIGEL HOURS
- 4:00 BLUE SHADOWS: A new rhythm & blues show / with Greg Trousdale
- 6:30 ZHUTZPA: Radical Jewish Journal - U.W. left Zionist program of politics & literature. Produced by Haim Rosmarin
- 7:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW / with Karen Engstrom
- 7:30 RELIGIOUS SONGS OF THE BAHAMAS - the Baptist Methodist Choir and the Church of God Service are guaranteed to bring you religion
- 10:00 BLUEGRASS: Little Boy Bluegrass blows his horn / with Tiny Freeman

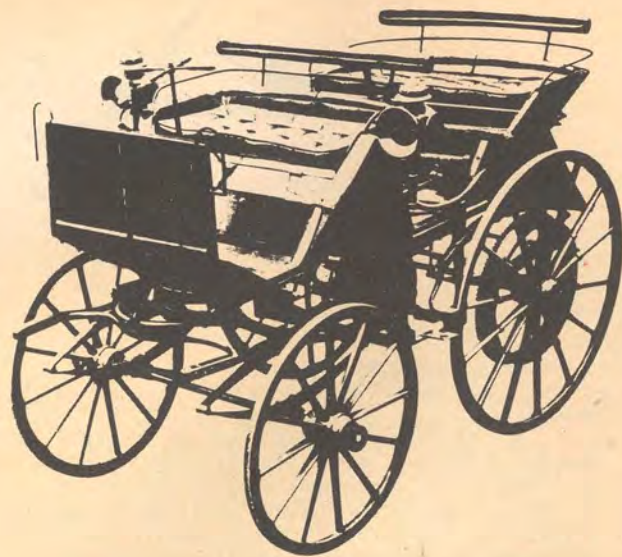
Sunday 4

- 9:00 THE SUNDAY MORNING SHOW / with Greg Whitcomb.
- 10:30 TENNIS SHOES & T-SHIRTS: Rockets & robots and other unearthly things / with Pamela Jennings
- 12:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
- 1:00 OPEN TIME
- 2:00 JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON / until five
- 5:00 DAVID McREYNOLDS & THE WAR RESISTORS LEAGUE / David McReynolds of the WRL speaks to people at U.W. Jan 11, 1973 Dave is a writer for WIN magazine, author of WE HAVE BEEN INVADED BY THE 21st CENTURY, and field secretary of the War Resisters League
- 6:00 MUSIC OF 14th CENTURY FLORENCE / Songs, dances and madrigals, some by Landini but most anonymous. Performed by the Early Music Consort of London. Singers are James Bowman, counter-tenor, Nigel Rogers and Martyn Hill, tenors.
- 7:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW / Presented by the Seattle Lawyers Guild
- 7:30 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW & ANALYSIS / with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 BOXSPEECH - An original monologue selected from Webster's Dictionary and recited by Judas Gregory
- 8:15 OPEN TIME
- 8:30 KING BISCUIT TIME / Rural Blues with Bob West
- 10:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS / U.R.U. in the world to come. Rock, Jazz and Blues with Raymond Serebrin
- 11:00 ROSWELL'S RUT : Jazz



Monday 5

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC / all rise
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5- read by Gleysteen, Engstrom and Sunflower
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 BAROQUE MUSIC FOR TRUMPET & ORGAN Adolf Scherbaum and Wilhelm Krumbach play sonatas by Antonio Martin y Coll (1700) Girolamo Fantini (1600) and Giovanni Bonaventura Viviani (1680)
- 1:00 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW, ANALYSIS (R)
- 1:30 TOMAS-LUIS da VITTORIA'S Missa Quarti Toni is sung by the Philippe Calliard Vocal Ensemble
- 2:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW (R)
- 2:30 PIANO MUSIC OF MESSIAEN - Oiseaux Exotiques for Piano and Orchestra and la Bonscarle for Piano solo, with Yvonne Llorid, pianist
- 3:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS (R)- until five
- 5:00 BARBARA DANE, peoples singer, interviewed by Roy Harvey. Dane, writer for Sing Out, founder of Paredon Records, Blues and folk singer, talks about some of the music produced by paragon and her experiences in Cuba, China and the Philippines
- 6:00 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 WAR REPORT / with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 PEOPLES MUSIC OF CHINA / with Lim Chew Pa
- 9:30 CLAVICHORD MUSIC OF J.S. BACH - the first three French suites of Bach performed on the clavichord by the late Thurston Dart.
- 10:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
- 11:00 SPAGHETTINI / with Leila - music for nice people
- 1:00 Tad Cook makes wild accusations, hurling unfounded epithets 'till dawn.



DEAR FRIENDS! KRAB STAFFERS ARE REALLY POOR AND FEW OF THEM CAN AFFORD TRANSPORTATION. IF YOU HAVE A CAR, TRUCK, BUS, VAN, BUGGY OR GRAY MARE THAT SITS UNUSED IN YOUR TWO-CAR GARAGE, WE WOULD LOVE TO PUT IT TO GOOD USE. REMEMBER, IT'S TAX DEDUCTIBLE AND WOULD HELP KRAB GET MOVING.

Tuesday 6

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC - music for morning
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS Vol. 5 - read by Gleysteen, Engstrom and Sunflower
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MISSIVE: A SHOW OF LETTERS - "For the Country Entirely", from SELECTED OPERAS and Plays of Gertrude Stein, produced by Pamela Jennings
- 1:00 WAR REPORT (R)
- 1:30 THE CURLEW - "Peter Warlock" was the pseudonym of Philip Heseltine, born in born in 1894, committed suicide in 1930. His songs are some of the most beautiful in the English language. "The Curlew" is for tenor, flute, english horn and string quartet; words from poems by w.B. Yeats
- 2:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 ELIZABETHAN SONGS AND DANCES - music of Dowland, East and Holborne, performed by Musica Reservata and the Purcell Consort of Voices
- 3:00 THE VAST WASTELAND - Jazz with Barry West until six
- 6:00 PILLAR OF SALT - Can the role of women be changed in the institutional church? A discussion presented by It's About Time, a women's book center.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY / with Odell Jones
- 7:30 LATE BREAKING NEWS / with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 OLD TIME MUSIC / with Phil Williams and John Burke - with our apologies to Phil and John and the old timey cult for January's programming error.
- 9:30 NEW YEAR'S EVE PEOPLES PRESS CONFERENCE with Dem. Rep. Floud Hicks, after a bombing protest at McCord Air Force Base. Background report on Hicks from the Ralph Nader Congress report
- 10:30 OPEN TIME
- 11:00 URBAN BLUES / with Dick Shurman
- 1:00 Tad Cook plays strange songs 'till dawn.



PICASSO'S PORTRAIT OF GERTRUDE STEIN

"MISSIVE: A Show of Letters" this week features a letter/play by Gertrude Stein, "For The Country Entirely". Tuesday, 12:30 PM.

Wednesday 7

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS Vol. 5, read by Gleysteen, Engstrom, and Sunflower
 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
 12:30 AN ACCOUNT OF MY HUT, by Kamono Chomei (Japan, 1153-1216). To be read on Wednesdays this month in four parts. Today: The Great Fire and The Whirlwind
 1:00 COURTLY MASQUING AYERS by John Adson, 1621. Played by a large band of viols, recorders, krummhorns, shawms, cornetts, and sackbuts. David Munrow directs.
 1:30 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON BAROQUE OPERA /with Randy McCarty. Today, Venis and Adonis by John Blow, conducted by Anthony Lewis.
 3:00 URBAN BLUES (R)
 5:00 EARLY AMERICAN ORGAN MUSIC played by E. Power Biggs on surviving instruments from 18th- and early 19th-century America. Tunes include James Hewitt's "The Battle of Trenton" and Charles Ives' "Variations on 'America'".
 5:30 DON LUCE, author of Vietnam: The Unheard Voices and We Promise One Another: Poems from an Asian War. Interviewed by Roy Harvey.
 6:30 VAUGHN WILLIAMS' MASS IN G MINOR Generally regarded as being the finest piece of contemporary English church music; here sung by the King's College Choir of Cambridge.
 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
 7:05 COMMENTARY
 7:30 KRAB MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
 8:00 FLAMENCO Y SUS ESTILLOS /with Allen Yonge
 9:00 "THE WAY TO RAINY MOUNTAIN" N. Scott Momaday, Kiowa, author of House Made of Dawn, reads selections from his second book, which is a collection of the oral traditions of his tribe. From Pacifica.
 9:45 OPEN TIME /with Hugh Tinling
 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS



Thursday 8

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS Vol. 5
 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
 12:30 CHORAL MUSIC OF WILLIAM BILLINGS who was the first major composer in American colonies (born Boston, 1746). The Gregg Smith Singers perform some of Billings' "Fuging tunes" and anthems.
 1:00 KRAB MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
 1:30 PURCELL'S CONSORT MUSICKE - overtures, pavans, Grounds, and Fantasias by Henry Purcell, for strings and harpsichord. Performed by the Leonhardt Consort.
 2:00 FLAMENCO Y SUS ESTILLOS (R)
 3:00 OUT NOW OR SIGN NOW?: Which end of the egg to open -or- the hottest issue at home: Irwin Silber, ex-editor of NYC-based Guardian debates Robin David of the Socialist Workers Party of the question of whether the slogan "out now" or "sign now" should be advanced for the anti-war movement.
 4:00 OPEN TIME
 5:30 BALTIC'S BOP STOP: Three trumpet players from the 50's - Idrees Sulieman, Dave Burns, and Bill Hardman.
 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
 7:05 COMMENTARY
 7:30 LATIN AMERICAN REPORT /with Roy Harvey
 8:00 A WOMEN'S SHOW /with Judy and Judy
 9:00 OPEN TIME
 9:30 VINTAGE JAZZ /with Hal Sherlock
 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS
 1:00 Tad Cook ??

Friday 9

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS Vol. 5
 10:30 ETHNIC AND OTHER MELODIES
 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
 12:30 Music, but who knows what.
 1:00 LATIN AMERICAN REPORT (R)
 1:30 SPANISH MUSIC OF THE 16th CENTURY performed by the Studio for Early Music on lutes, gambas, krummhorns, dulzians, and organetto.
 2:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW (R)
 2:30 FLORID SONG IN EARLY BAROQUE ENGLAND - Songs and instrumental music by Coperario, Gibbons, Weelkes, Campian, et al. Performed by Grayston Burgess, countertenor, and Nigel Rogers, tenor, with the Early Music Quartet and the Concentus Musicus of Vienna.
 3:00 DAS NIBELUNGENLIED, Part IX.
 5:00 KRUMMHORNS AND KINGS /with Randy McCarty. Today, J.S. Bach's "Art of the Fugue" is featured.
 6:30 FILM REVIEW /with Dick Jameson
 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
 7:05 COMMENTARY - Frank Krasnowsky
 7:30 OPEN TIME
 7:45 LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC /with Dirk Koorn
 9:00 THE TRAVELLING CHATAQUE, REVIVAL HOUR, AND MEDICINE SHOW /with Norvel Trosst: wide screen and a cast of thousands, i.e., two turntables, music, and hype.
 11:00 JAZZ /with Tim Ramos

Saturday 10

- 9:00 JAZZ FOR A SATURDAY MORNING /with Aaron Dumas
 12:00 ETHNIC MUSIC /with Bob Verginia
 2:00 THE ALAN VEIGEL HOURS
 4:00 BLUE SHADOWS - a new rhythm-and-blues show, with Greg Trousdale
 6:00 SOMETHING ON SEXUALITY - members of Gay Counselling Service discuss sexual-social issues.
 7:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW with Karen Engstrom
 7:30 Four Selections of Classical Oud Music played by Khamis El Fino.
 8:00 CHINESE YOUTH VOICE - A program sponsored by the Chinese Media Committee. The program will be broadcast in Cantonese and will include news, commentary, music, and community events and service announcements.
 10:00 BLUEGRASS - a hot time on the old turntable, with Tiny Freeman

Sunday 11

- 9:00 THE SUNDAY MORNING SHOW / with Greg Whitcomb
 10:30 TENNIS SHOES & T-SHIRTS: Running in place to far away places/With Pamela
 12:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
 2:00 JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON /with Tim Wire.
 5:00 IRWIN SILBER, executive editor of the Guardian just returned from the People's Republic of China. The Guardian is the country's largest independent radical weekly, with a circulation of 22,000. Interview by Karen Engstrom, Frank Krasnowsky, and Roy Harvey.
 6:00 PARTHENIA - KEYBOARD MUSIC OF BYRD, BULL, AND GIBBONS. "Parthenia, or, the Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginalles". Compiled in 1613 as a wedding gift for Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. The three most eminent English composers of the day are represented by a series of Pavans, Galliards, and Preludia; performed by Colin Tilney on a harpsichord made circa 1780.
 7:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW - presented by the Seattle Lawyers Guild
 7:30 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW AND ANALYSIS with Roy Harvey
 8:00 OCCULT SCIENCES/With Rick Miller
 8:30 ORGAN BOOK II - William Albright. Sinister pieces for organ: Night Procession, Toccata Satanique, Last Rites (with electronic tape) played by the composer.
 9:00 TO EXIST IS TO RESIST: Movement News with Jo Maynes
 9:30 OPEN TIME
 10:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS
 12:00 ROSWELL'S HUT: Jazz



Anne Baker, Joan Willmot and Ellen Green. An engraving of 1619 depicting some notable Leicestershire witches and their imps.

INDIAN HOUSE

AMERICAN INDIAN RECORDS

This is our current list of albums:

ROUND DANCE SONGS OF TAOS PUEBLO/1
 ROUND DANCE SONGS OF TAOS PUEBLO/2
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 TAOS ROUND DANCE - PART 2
 DITCH-CLEANING & PICNIC SONGS OF PICURIS PUEBLO
 TURTLE DANCE SONGS OF SAN JUAN PUEBLO
 ZUNI FAIR - LIVE
 NAVAJO SWAY SONGS
 NIGHT & DAYLIGHT YEIBICHEI
 NAVAJO SKIP DANCE & TWO-STEP SONGS
 NAVAJO ROUND DANCE
 NAVAJO GIFT SONGS & ROUND DANCE
 WAR DANCE SONGS OF THE PONCA/1
 WAR DANCE SONGS OF THE PONCA/2
 PONCA PEYOTE SONGS/1
 PONCA PEYOTE SONGS/2
 PONCA PEYOTE SONGS/3
 COMANCHE PEYOTE SONGS/1
 COMANCHE PEYOTE SONGS/2
 HANDGAME OF THE KIOWA, KIOWA APACHE, & COMANCHE
 KIOWA 49 - WAR EXPEDITION SONGS
 KIOWA CHURCH SONGS/1
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To order, see your local record store. Or, send \$5.00 each album to INDIAN HOUSE, Box 472-K, Taos, New Mexico 87571. Your records will be shipped within 48 hours of receipt of order. You may use this as your order form.

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PARTHENIA

or

THE MAYDENHEAD of the first musicke that

ever was printed for the VIRGINALLS.

COMPOSED

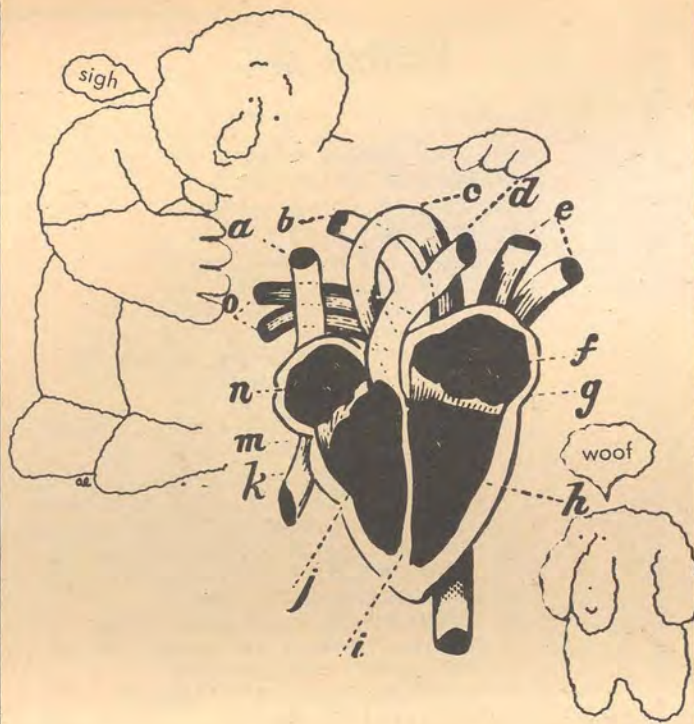
By Irwin Silber, William Byrd, John Bull, & Thomas Campian.
 Selections of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginalles.
 Transcribed by Colin Tilney and performed by Colin Tilney on a harpsichord made circa 1780.



Printed at London by G. Lowe and J. C. to be sold.

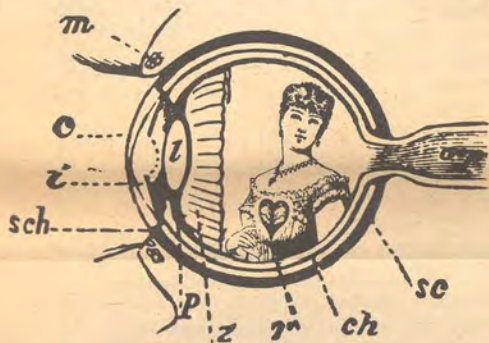
Monday 12

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5, read by Gleysteen, Engstrom, and Sunflower
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 20th CENTURY AMERICAN PIANO MUSIC, I. Robert Help plays Dahl, Berger, Kennan, Adler, Overton, Babbitt, Gideon, Berkowitz, Weber.
- 1:00 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW (R)
- 1:30 J.S. BACH'S FIRST ORCHESTRAL SUITE is performed by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, directed by Neville Marriner.
- 2:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW (R)
- 2:30 RENAISSANCE DANCES - Pavans, Galliards, and Branles by Susato, Gervaise, and Attaignant. Played by an ensemble of ancient instruments with such notables as Ferdinand Conrad, Walter Gerwig, and Otto Steinkopf.
- 3:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS, thank God, repeated.
- 5:00 QUARTETS OF TELEMANN - Three of the six "Nouveaux Quatuors" published in Paris in 1738. Performed here by the Quadro Amsterdam.
- 6:00 "THE LIMITS TO GROWTH" - a review and examination of the study done by a team of MIT researchers into the limits of growth as they affect the world population, energy and food supplies, and the world economy. From Pacifica.
- 6:35 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - YAF
- 7:30 WAR REPORT /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 THE OLD WAXWORKS - Memory songs of yesteryear, with Earl Smith.
- 9:30 OPEN TIME
- 10:00 JEAN SHEPHERD, from WOR in NYC
- 11:00 DR. PHAGE - Skittles, beer, and music, with Jon Gallant.
- 1:00 Tad Cook, Father of Darkness, plays music most of the night.



Wednesday 14

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 AN ACCOUNT OF MY HUT, II. Today, The Moving of the Capitol, and The Famine.
- 1:00 COME YE SONS OF ART - Henry Purcell wrote the music for Queen Mary's birthday, 1694. The lyrics aren't so hot, but you'll love such hits as "Sound the Trumpet, Strike the Viol". Alfred Deller and Margaret Ritchie are wonderful.
- 1:30 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON BAROQUE OPERA with Randy McCarty. Today: Acis and Galatea by G. F. Handel.
- 3:00 URBAN BLUES (R)
- 5:00 HUELGA! Lettuce boycott by United Farmworkers. As part of a nation-wide boycott of Safeway stores, the largest sellers of non-union head lettuce in the U.S., eight cities in Washington state picketed Safeway stores. This is a report on the Seattle demonstration and picket. With songs from the Chicano group El Teatro de Teaho.
- 6:00 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 THE AFRICA PROGRAM / with Simon Ottenberg
- 8:30 OPEN TIME /with Hugh Tinling
- 10:00 Barbara Dane, folk singer/peoples' singer and founder of Daredon records sings and talks to Curtis Chapel and us. Part I.
- 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS - Homer Hetrodyne, Phil Harmonic, and Captain Kilocycle on the loose again.



Tuesday 13

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MISSIVE: A SHOW OF LETTERS - Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a new Dover publication, read with proper musical accompaniment.
- 1:00 WAR REPORT (R)
- 1:30 Aaron Copland's Symphony for Organ and Orchestra; E. Power Biggs solos with the New York Philharmonic.
- 2:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 SONGS OF THE BAROQUE - Baritone Max van Egmont sings, accompanied by the Leonhardt Consort, with Frans Bruggen, baroque flute.
- 3:00 THE VAST WESTLAND - Jazz, with Barry West
- 6:00 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Veterans Against the War
- 7:30 LATE-BREAKING NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 JAZZMAN GALAXY /with Aaron Dumas
- 9:30 AVANT-GARDE CHORAL MUSIC - Two Poems on Words of Kenneth Patchen, by David Bedford (1966) and György Ligeti's Lux Aeterna (1966); sung by the Choir of the Norddeutschen Rundfunks.
- 10:30 David McReynolds interviewed by Roy Harvey. McReynolds, Marxist pacifist and field secretary of War Resisters League, talks about his trip to Hanoi, the resistance in the U.S., and his book We Have Been Invaded by the 21st Century.
- 11:00 URBAN BLUES /with Dick Shurman
- 1:00 Tad Cook's all-night music show



Thursday 15

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC AND OTHER MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MUSIC FOR LUTE AND HARPSICHORD - Lutenist Julian Bream and harpsichordist George Malcolm perform Bach's Trio Sonata #5 in C (originally for organ), Vivaldi's Sonata in G minor for Lute and Continuo, and Bach's Trio Sonata #1 in E-flat.
- 1:00 KRAB MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 1:30 SONGS OF THE AUVERGNE, delightfully sung by Lucie de Vienne Blanc, with English Horn and Oboe accompaniment, and some more jazzy orchestral arrangements with Natnia Davrath.
- 2:00 THE AFRICA PROGRAM (R)
- 3:00 OPEN TIME
- 4:30 VOICES OF ANCIENT CHILDREN by George Crumb. A cycle of songs based on the poetry of Federico Garcia Lorca, with Jan De Gaetani and Michael Dash, and The Contemporary Ensemble.
- 5:00 THE PHILLIPINES - Congressman Joel Pritchard interviewed by Roy Harvey. Mr. Pritchard just returned from the Phillipines with land-reform expert Roy Prosterman.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Nat'l Org. for Women
- 7:30 AFRICAN REPORT /with Selma Waldman and Roy Harvey
- 8:00 A WOMEN'S SHOW /with Judy and Judy
- 9:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW /with Frank Krasnowsky
- 9:30 CLASSIC JAZZ /with Mike Duffy
- 10:00 Barbara Dane, folk singer, sings and talks to Curtis Chapel, Part II.
- 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS - with Captain Kilocycle, Phil Harmonic, and Homer Hetrodyne. You wouldn't believe to what lengths they go.

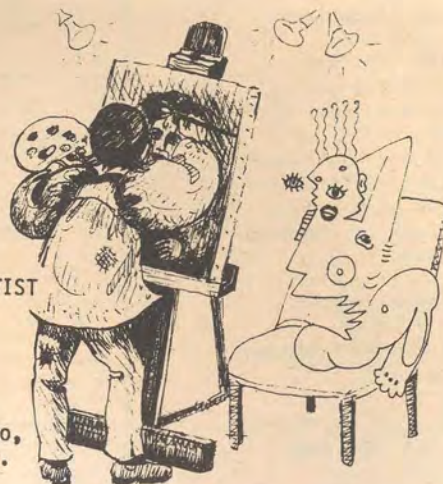


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Friday 16



16th Century Krumphorns!
KRUMPHORNS AND KINGS
Friday at 5:00

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 "THE BATTLE" of William Byrd.
U.W. harpsichord professor Silvia Kind
is heard in this performance of Byrd's
programmatic suite depicting a battle.
Miss Kind announces the sections. Also
heard will be "The Carman's Whistle"
and Fantasia by John Munday depict-
ing "Faire Weather and Lightning".
- 1:00 AFRICAN REPORT (R)
- 1:30 Excerpts from Handel's opera "Amadigi"
and Francesco Venturini's Overture in
A minor, with Edward Tarr, trumpet,
and the Consortium Musicum directed by
Fritz Lehan.
- 2:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 Renaissance vocal and instrumental music
performed by the Lemmensinstituut, the
Vocaal Kwartet van Brussel, Barbara
Polosek (lute) and Kamiel d'Hooghe.
- 3:00 DAS NIBELUNGENLIED, Part X.
- 5:00 KRUMPHORNS AND KINGS /with Randy
McCarty. The Syntagma Musicum of
Amsterdam is heard in Medieval and
Renaissance music.
- 6:30 FILM REVIEWS /with Dick Jameson
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Childbirth Educ. Assoc.
- 7:45 LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC /with Dirk Koorn
- 9:00 THE TRAVELLING CHATAQUE, REVIVAL HOUR,
AND MEDICINE SHOW /with Norvel Trosst:
frequency modulated music and corn
for the hedonist.
- 11:00 BUMBLING WITH BALTIC - Our sweet
captain brings you jam sessions from
the 1972 Newport, N.Y. Jazz Festivals.



Saturday 17

- 9:00 JAZZ FOR A SATURDAY MORNING /with
Aaron Dumas
- 12:00 ETHNIC MUSIC /with Bob Verginia
- 2:00 THE ALAN VEIGEL HOURS
- 4:00 BLUE SHADOWS - Rhythm and blues for
youse, a newness /with Greg Trousdale.
- 6:00 SONGS AND DANCES OF SYRIA performed by
the Tador Chorus and Ensemble with
soloists Nahum Simon, tenor, and
Tufek Byad, ud.
- 6:30 ZHUTZPA: RADICAL JEWISH JOURNAL -
U.W. left Zionist program of politics
and literature. Produced by Haim
Rosmarin.
- 7:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW /with Karen Engstrom
- 7:30 English Folksongs sung by the Waterson
family.
- 8:00 OPEN TIME
- 9:30 Scottish 'Traditional Songs' from the
Blairgowrie Festival, 1962.
- 10:00 BLUEGRASS: The uncorrupted country
life /with Tiny Freeman.



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Sunday 18

- 9:00 THE SUNDAY MORNING SHOW /with Greg
Whitcomb
- 10:30 TENNIS SHOES AND T-SHIRTS: Make-
Believe for real /with Jamela Pennings
and elfin friends.
- 12:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC.
- 1:00 THE GAY PROGRAM: Theater, comment,
and panel discussions. Produced by
the Seattle Counseling Service for
Homosexuals.
- 2:00 JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON /with Bob Gwynne
- 5:00 CELTIC REVIVAL HOUR: The leprechauns
turn the tables /with Molly Mearnes.
- 7:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW - Presented by the
Seattle Lawyers Guild
- 7:30 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW AND ANALYSIS
with Roy Harvey
- 8:30 KING BISCUIT TIME: Rural Blues
with Bob West
- 10:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS: Dream images through
the metallic tube - rock, jazz, and
blues /with Raymond Serebrin
- 12:00 ROSWELL'S RUT: Jazz

Monday 19

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5, read by
Gleysteen, Engstrom, and Sunflower.
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 20th CENTURY AMERICAN PIANO MUSIC II
Robert Helps plays Kraft, Pisk, Powell,
Gould, Fine, Hovhannes, Perle.
- 1:00 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW (R)
- 1:30 THE BAROQUE LUTE - Buxtehude's Suite
in C minor and Pachelbel's Suite in
F-sharp minor are heard in this re-
cording of the late Walter Gerwig,
lutenist. Also heard will be
Buxtehude's cantata "Laudate, pueri".
- 2:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW (R)
- 2:30 SONGS AND DANCES OF NEPAL, Part I.
Dances, prayer chants, and a school
play.
- 3:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS (R)
- 5:00 MIDDLE EAST REPORT - Radical Arab-
Jewish Alliance: An interview with
Abdeen Jabara, President of the
Association of Arab-Americans, Editor
of Free Palestine, and defense lawyer
for Sirhan-Sirhan.
- 6:00 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Mid-East Report
- 7:30 WAR REPORT /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 PEOPLES MUSIC OF CHINA /with Lim
Chew-Pah
- 9:30 OPEN TIME
- 10:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
- 11:00 SPAGHETTINI - Tonight, Ms. Leila brings
you pasta aglio olio and curried
chicken backs.
- 1:00 Tad Cook trucks into the interior

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T.W.W.

Tuesday 20

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MISSIVE: A SHOW OF LETTERS -
Ezra Pound - Selected Letters 1907-
1941 and two letter poems: "Exile's
Letter" and "The River-Merchant's Wife:
A Letter".
- 1:00 WAR REPORT (R)
- 1:30 BAROQUE RECORDER CONCERTI - Telemann's
Concerto in C major, and Naudot's
Concerto in G major, played by Frans
Bruggen and the Concentus Musicus.
- 2:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 SONGS AND DANCES OF NEPAL, Part II.
Non-celibate monks in orbit.
- 3:00 THE VAST WESTLAND: Jazz /with Barry
West
- 6:00 WHAT'S GOING DOWN - Flo Ware explores
"What's going down" in Seattle.
Interviews, panel discussions, reports.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 LATE-BREAKING NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 OLD-TIME MUSIC /with John Burke
- 9:30 Senator Mike Gravel interviewed by
Joel Connally. The aftermath of the
reading in the Senate of the Pentagon
Papers.
- 10:00 WOMEN: POETRY AND MUSIC - Betsy Collum,
Julie Norbeck and Sara Sakuma from
It's About Time in Seattle, read the
poetry of local women as well as a long
poem by Sylvia Plath - perhaps others.
- 11:00 URBAN BLUES /with Dick Shurman
- 1:00 Tad Cook's All-Night Electronic
Extravaganza!



LISTEN TO LEILA*MONDAY*11:00 PM



Wednesday 21

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC AND OTHER MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 AN ACCOUNT OF MY HUT, III
Today: The Earthquake, Hardships of
Life in the World, and Renunciation
of the World.



- 1:00 MUSIC OF ALAN HOVHANNES - Koke No Niwa,
Sonata for Flute, The Holy City.
- 1:30 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON BAROQUE OPERA /with
Randy McCarty. Today: Cavalli's La
Calisto, conducted by Raymond Leppard.
- 3:00 URBAN BLUES (R)
- 5:00 WHY BENNY KING LEFT - King, the only
black on the administrative staff at
Walla-Walla State Penitentiary, quit
because of differences with leader-
ship at all levels of the prison
system. From KPBX in Spokane.
- 5:30 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 KRAB MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 FLAMENCO Y SUS ESTILLO /with Allen
Yonge
- 9:00 PAULO FRIERE IN SEATTLE - Friere,
author of The Pedagogy of the Oppressed
and a world-famous Brazilian educator.
From a speech in Seattle in January.
- 10:00 OPEN TIME /with Hugh Tinling
- 11:00 Sad and Blue? Try the HAM RADIO HOURS!



Thursday 22

- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 SONGS FROM ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS -
Paul Taylor sings Henry Purcell's
songs (published in 1698), accompanied
by Christopher Wood, harpsichord, and
Dennis Nesbitt, viola da gamba.
- 1:00 MID-WEEK NEWS (R)
- 1:30 MUSIC OF AZERBAIJAN - from the UNESCO
collection
- 2:00 FLAMENCO Y SUS ESTILLOS (R)
- 3:00 PAULO FRIERE IN SEATTLE (R)
- 4:00 CONCERTI OF QUANTZ AND HAYDN - Quantz's
Concerto for Flute in D, and Haydn's
Double-Concerto for Violin and Harpsi-
chord are performed by the Amsterdam
Chamberorchestra, with soloists Hubert
Barwahser, Jaap Schröder, and Gustav
Leonhardt.
- 4:30 OPEN TIME
- 5:30 BALTIC'S BOP STOP - The late pianist
Elmo Hope (1923-1967), one of the
idiom's most distinctive composers,
is featured.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - HEW Dep't
- 7:30 LATIN AMERICAN REPORT /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 A WOMEN'S SHOW /with Judy and Judy



- 9:00 OPEN TIME
- 9:30 VINTAGE JAZZ /with Hal Sherlock
- 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS - Oh no! Not again?
- 1:00 Tad Cook broadcasts bizzare rumblings
live from a biplane circling high above
the city.



KRAB



Friday 23

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 ENGLISH BAROQUE HARPSICHORD MUSIC -
Music of Blow, Draghi, Croft, Clarke,
and Roseingrave. Played by Colin
Tilney on a harpsichord made by John
Crang in 1745.
- 1:00 LATIN AMERICAN REPORT (R)
- 1:30 MUSIC OF AZERBAIJAN - from the UNESCO
collection
- 2:00 LEFT PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 JULIUS REUBKE: THE 94th PSALM.
Reubke was a pupil of Liszt, and died
at the age of 24. His masterpiece of
program-music is played by Simon
Preston on the organ in Westminster Abbey.
- 3:00 DAS NIBELUNGENLIED, Part XI.
- 5:00 KRUMMHORNS AND KINGS /with Randy McCarty
Perhaps some live Olde Musick if we
are installed in our new studios by now.
- 6:30 FILM REVIEWS /with Dick Jameson
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Frank Krasnowsky
- 7:45 LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC /with Dirk Koorn

Bueno.



- 9:00 THE TRAVELLING CHATAQUE, REVIVAL HOUR,
AND MEDICINE SHOW /with Norvel Trosst.
Tonight: the T.C.R.H. & M.S. retraces
the course of the Titanic.
- 11:00 JAZZ /with Tim Ramos

MUSIC

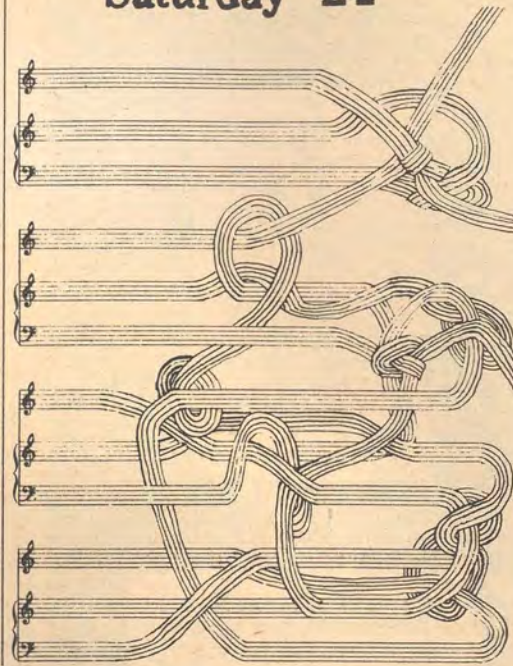
I listen to her heart retreat.
Hyacinths are riding on the windmill of the moon.
I am a stone bedding down in the stream.
She is bathing in the unmarked
waters of my solitude. Will she hear me,
when I sing of dawn?

Duane Niatum

Duane Niatum reads his own poetry.
Tuesday, the 27th at 9:30 PM.



Saturday 24




- 9:00 JAZZ FOR A SATURDAY MORNING /with
Aaron Dumas
- 12:00 ETHNIC MUSIC /with Bob Verginia
- 2:00 THE ALAN VEIGEL HOURS
- 4:00 BLUE SHADOWS: Slippin' into rhythm
and blues; a new show, with Greg
Trousdale.
- 6:00 OPEN TIME
- 7:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW /with
Karen Engstrom
- 7:30 A KRAB SPECTACULAR! LIVE! LIVE!
Leila, Randy and Norvel ("the Trinity")
bring you some music live and not-so-
live. Present will be the Gupati
Monks, the Southern Bayan Singers, the
Ethnofraud Ensemble, and a few real
musicians to give the whole thing
some class.
- 10:00 BLUEGRASS - Captain Keeno is comin'.
Ready your flasks, weary travelers!
/with Tiny Freeman.

Sunday 25

- 9:00 THE SUNDAY MORNING SHOW /with Greg
Whitcomb
- 10:30 TENNIS AND T-SHIRTS: May the long-
time sunshine upon you... /with
Pamela and lovelies
- 12:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
- 1:00 OPEN TIME
- 2:00 JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON
/with Tim Wire
- 5:00 CELTIC REVIVAL HOUR: Poltergeists
and pipes - the White Goddess awakens
the ancients /with Molly Mearnes.
- 7:00 BEWARE OF THE LAW - Presented by the
Seattle Lawyers Guild
- 7:30 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW AND ANALYSIS
with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 OCCULT SCIENCES/With Rick Miller
- 9:00 TO EXIST IS TO RESIST: Movement News
with Jo Maynes
- 9:30 "POOR RELATIONS" - Two simultaneous,
intermittent monologues for male and
female voices; Judas Gregory and
Pamela Jennings perform.
- 10:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS: Journeying the
shifting paths of consciousness,
with Raymond Serebrin. Rock, jazz,
and blues.
- 12:00 ROSWELL'S RUT: Jazz

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Monday 26



- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5, read by
Wleysteen, Engstrom, and Sunflower.
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 20th CENTURY PIANO MUSIC, Part III.
Robert Helps plays Cazden, Prostackoff,
Glanville-Hicks, Bacon, Helps, Kim,
Brunswick, Alexander.
- 1:00 INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW (R)
- 1:30 DANCE MUSIC OF RENAISSANCE GERMANY -
A suite of dances by Erasmus Widmann
(1613) and three suites from Johann
Hermann Schein's Banchetto Musicale
(1617). Performed by the Collegium
Terpsichore.
- 2:00 BEWARE OF THE LAU (R)
- 2:30 HARPSICHORD MUSIC OF RAMEAU - A suite
of pieces in G, performed by Albert
Fuller
- 3:00 ROBOTNOR HOURS (R)
- 5:00 BACK TO THE LAND: Two folks looking
for a tribal unit to live on the land.
The envision a group of 20-30 people
each of whom contributes their own
particular skill to the whole.
- 5:40 OPEN TIME
- 6:00 HISTORICAL DRAMA: TWELVE DAYS BEFORE
AND DURING CHRISTMAS, 1972, SEATTLE -
During the 12 days of bombing intensi-
fication of Hanoi and Haiphong, some
people protested. This three-part
series documents the protest. Part I.



- 6:30 SPANISH ORGAN MUSIC - The Spanish
organ-composers of the Baroque were
not overly concerned with how profound
their music was (or wasn't!), but
rather with the colorful sounds the
Spanish organs made. E. Power Biggs
plays some really dumb music on two
mind-blowing 18th-century Spanish
organs.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - YAF
- 7:30 WAR REPORT /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 THE OLD MAXWORKS - Memory songs of
Yesteryear / with Earl Smith
- 9:30 PEOPLES PRESS CONFERENCE with Joel
Pritchard on the Vietnam war. Recorded
New Year's Day at the YMCA in Seattle.
- 10:00 JEAN SHEPHERD from WOR in NYC
- 11:00 DR. PHAGE - Skittles, beer, and music
with Jon Gallant
- 1:00 Tad Cook, Father of Darkness, continues
the mystery.



Tuesday 27

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, VOL. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY (R)
- 12:30 MISSIVE: A SHOW OF LETTERS -
"Computers Don't Argue", a form-letter
horror story by Gordon R. Dickson
- 1:00 WAR REPORT (R)
- 1:30 BAROQUE MOTETS FOR DOUBLE CHORUS -
"Herzlich lieb hab ich dich" by Hans
Leo Hassler, and settings of "Singet
dem Herrn ein neues Lied" by Johann
Pachelbel and Johann Sebastian Bach.
- 2:00 FOREIGN PRESS REVIEW (R)
- 2:30 CORRETTE'S "COMIC CONCERTOS" -
The Concertos Comiques of Michel
Corrette, Numbers 1, 11, 12, 16, and
17. Written between, 1732 and 1757,
these concertos are based on amusing
songs popular in Paris at the time.
Performed by the Antiqua Musica
Chamber Orchestra.
- 3:00 THE VAST WESTLAND: Jazz /with Barry
West.
- 6:00 HISTORICAL DRAMA: 12 DAYS, Part II.
- 6:30 SONGS AND DANCES OF THE AZORES -
Recorded in Portugal.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY - Veterans Against the War
- 7:30 LATE-BREAKING NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 JAZZMAN GALAXY /with Aaron Dumas
- 9:30 DUANE NIATUM READING FROM HIS OWN WORKS
A poetry reading at the U.W.
Introduced by Nelson Bentley.
- 10:20 OPEN TIME
- 11:00 URBAN BLUES /with Dick Shurman
- 1:00 Tad Cook's All-Night Music Bonanza

Wednesday 28

- 6:30 EARLY MORNING MUSIC
- 10:00 PENTAGON PAPERS, Vol. 5
- 10:30 ETHNIC AND OTHER MELODIES
- 12:00 COMMENTARY
- 12:30 AN ACCOUNT OF MY HUT, Part IV.
The Hut Ten Feet Square
- 1:00 17th-CENTURY HARPSICHORD MUSIC
Pieces by Farnaby, Tomkins, and
Frescobaldi, played by Gustav Leon-
hardt on a Ruckers harpsichord of 1648
and an Italian instrument of 1693.
- 1:30 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON BAROQUE OPERA -
with Randy McCarty. Today: Handel's
Israel in Egypt, conducted by Charles
Mackerras.
- 3:00 URBAN BLUES (R)



- 5:00 WHAT'S GOING DOWN: Flo Ware explores
"What's going down" in Seattle. Inter-
views, panel discussions, and reports.
- 6:00 HISTORICAL DRAMA, Part III
- 6:30 ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH FOLK BALLADS sung
by A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl with
concertina accompaniment by Alf Edwards.
- 7:00 NOTES FOR THE NIGHT
- 7:05 COMMENTARY
- 7:30 KRAB MID-WEEK NEWS /with Roy Harvey
- 8:00 THE AFRICA PROGRAM /with Simon Otterberg
- 8:30 OPEN TIME /with Hugh Tinling
- 11:00 HAM RADIO HOURS - Time flies, piloted
by Captain Kilocycle, Homer Hetrodyne,
and Phil Harmonic.



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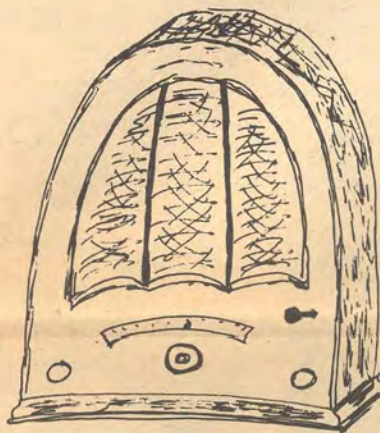
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CABINETS - OLD RADIOS - VICTROLAS - TAPESTRIES

'20s and '30s HOME FURNISHINGS

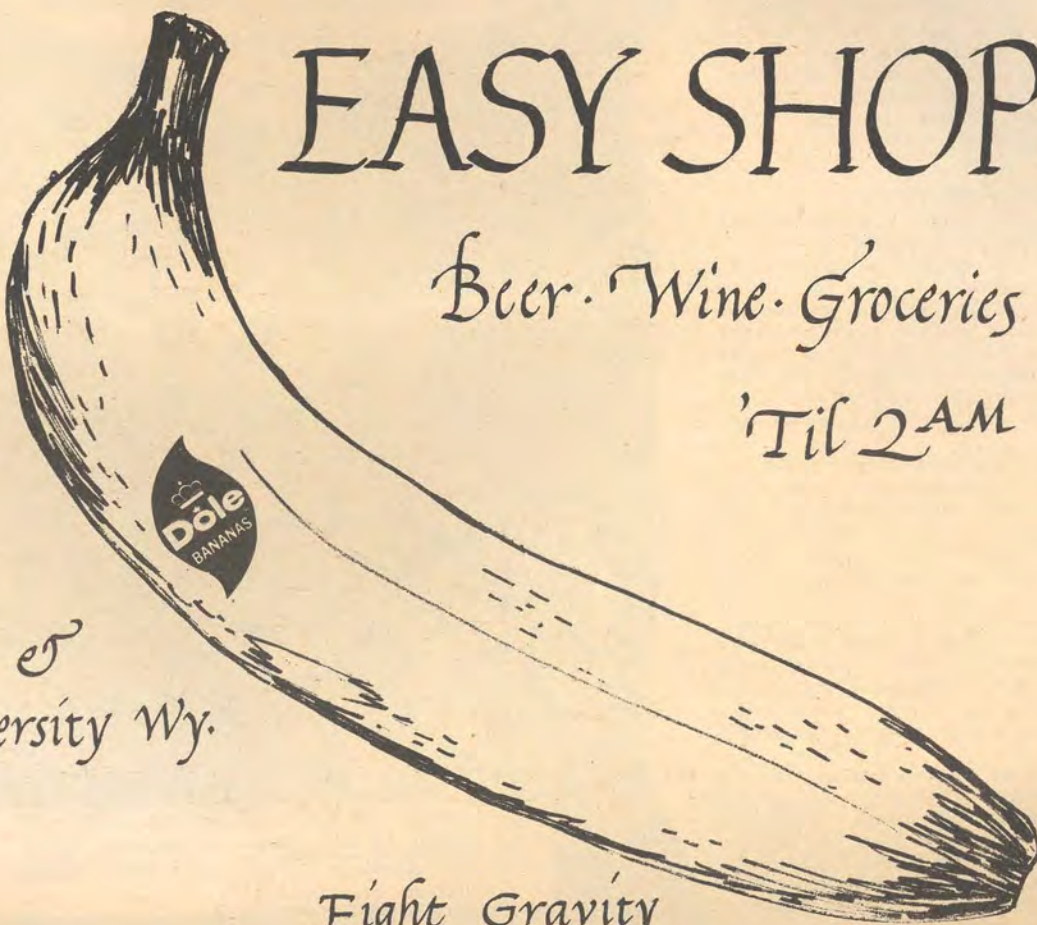
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Americans are information junkies.

Almost every American home has a television set which is turned on an average of five-and-a-half hours a day as part of the environment, regardless of what's playing.

"All-news-all-the-time" radio stations re-cycle information every fifteen minutes but nonetheless captivate people for hours as a sort of information-Muzak background to any activity.

Homes and apartments are decorated with magazines like dentists' offices because they feel strangely sterile without them. Some people can't even handle the solitude of sitting on a toilet unless they have a token of print to keep themselves occupied.

Instamatic and Polaroid cameras are travelers' tools because people know places as photographs and photograph them so they'll seem real. Home movies are a kind of surrogate sperm which ensure biological continuity on an information level. Taking pictures, regardless of content, has become an end in itself.

Organisms have always needed a minimum of information or novelty to stay alive and alert and ever-evolving, but Media-America has made that minimum a staple right behind food, clothing, and housing. Electronic media have become looped-in to our neural networks. We need a minimum of information flow not only for physical survival, but also for psychological balance because electronic media are as omnipresent as light.

My own addiction began when I was five, the year my family got its first TV set. As somebody later calculated for those of us of the first television generation, we spent more time with TV than we did with our parents.

I believe this dependency represents human evolution: to the degree to which it stimulates us, it enhances our survival. When it numbs us, it threatens our ability to adapt. In either case, the information environment is an inexorable part of our ecology.

But just as the consequences of disturbing natural ecology were ignored until we were surrounded by omni-pollution; so too is a media-ecology an alien sensibility to the people who control change in America.

The 1960s were a Pearl Harbor of the senses. Whole new technologies conditioned us from birth to relate to a world which was not that of our parents' childhood. It came as a sneak attack because print-man, impervious to his own bias, was unable to perceive that any time there is a radical shift in the dominant communications medium of a culture, there's going to be a radical shift in that culture.

What perils us now is that in electronic environments consequence is simultaneous with action. About the longest lag between us and ecological suicide is fifteen minutes, the time it takes the missiles to get to Moscow. Yet, there is no sanctioned study and understanding of media-ecology.

This is especially reflected in our schools and universities which, as I got older (I am now twenty-seven), wasted more and more of my time. As a media freak, my "homework" usually consisted of watching TV and when that was forbidden because I had to "study," I holed up in my room reading any and all magazines I could get my hands on.

Slowly, cumulatively, I came to realize that the school environment was wildly out-of-sync with an electronic environment it refused to acknowledge. It wasn't until I graduated from a so-called college, however, that I developed confidence in my intuition that I was right, and they were wrong. My information processing modes, conditioned by electronic media, were better reality models than theirs, which were and still are based on print.

In short, I had to learn how to survive in Media-America despite the very institutions whose job it is to teach survival. And that's heavy. Because a culture with sanctioned education processes which are out-of-phase with the life-process can't last very long. It's just such a culture that fears and even hates the most perceptive of its children.

For the demand of media-children that schooling be relevant is not, as the print-men mistakenly believe, a philosophical plea to be debated with print-based modes of perception called "rationality." Rather, it is an intuitive biological response.

Most of the sanctioned information models in Media-America are irrelevant *biologically*. They will not allow us to survive and adapt.

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The moon landing killed technology. Far from being the ultimate technological act, it demonstrated on a rather elegant scale that our hardware can do anything we want once we figure out the software. In fact, no major hardware breakthrough was needed to get us to the moon. The Chinese were on to rockets a few thousand years ago and computers are about as exceptional as automobiles. Super-software in control of super-complex hardware put us on the moon.

We learned that it's only a matter of time before developments will come about once we've scheduled them as software, which is why NASA\* can blandly tell us when men will be on Mars and other planets. Similarly precise predictions made only a few decades ago were treated as science fiction, at best.

The death of hardware is the ultimate transformation of America to Media-America. It embodies our total shift from a product- to a process-based culture. It's much like the difference between renting a car and owning one: you pay for the service of using it (process), not for the value of ownership (product).

Not for nothing are the people who are hung-up on preserving products as a measure of worth the same ones who are most bewildered and alienated by Media-America. (Reagan called the National Guard to clear People's Park in Berkeley because it was private property, not because he objected to the way it was being used.) And not for nothing are property freaks called "reactionary." Because what they object to is essentially human evolution.

The dominant technology of a culture determines its character. Agricultural societies, for example, were spawned by breakthroughs in farming technology. Farming overloaded into trade and generated the great ship-building/ocean-going societies whose ultimate act was to get the Pilgrims to America.

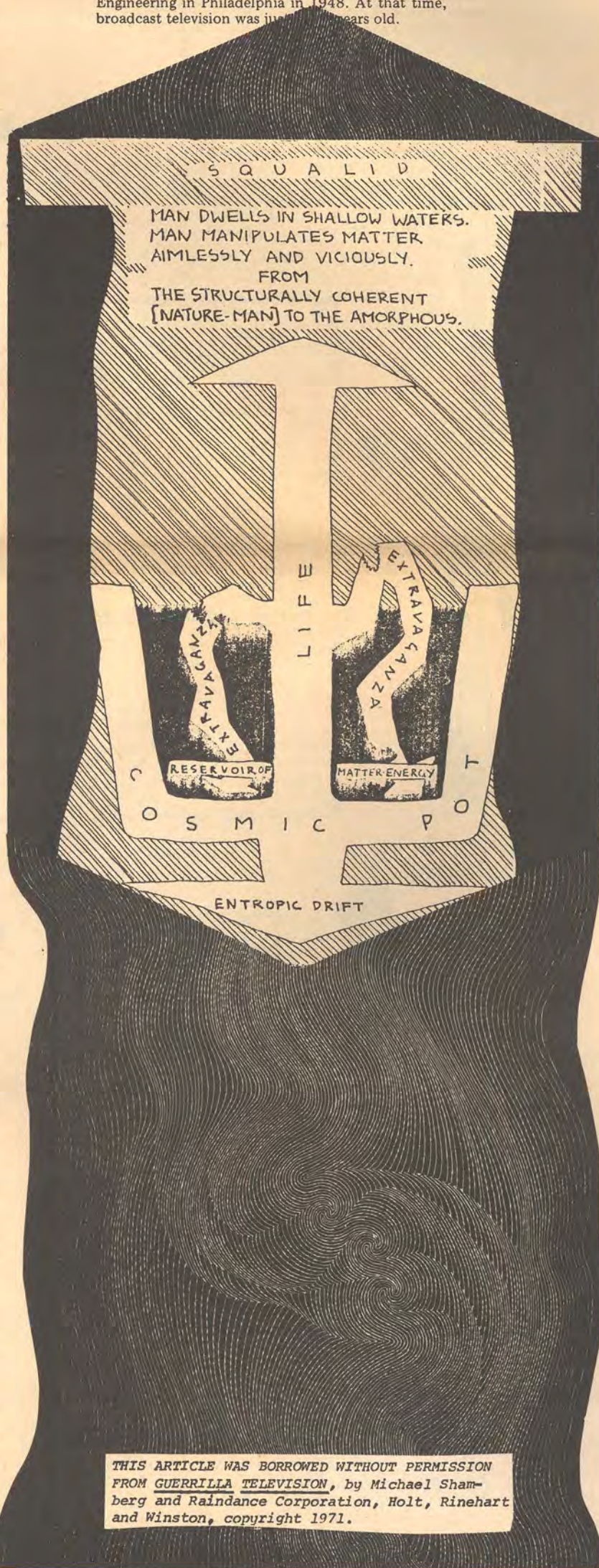
Over the next couple of hundred years America got itself together, laid out a government, and prepared for "take-off" in the nineteenth century. Then the great patriarchal fortunes (which still haunt us, especially in New York) were scored in basic tool-up and energy industries like railroads, coal, steel, and so on.

They overloaded into mass production and the automobile, which has had more effect on life in America than all the native philosophy we learned about in our high school "civics" classes.

The savvy gained from automobile production, essentially the orchestration of the production line, got us through the so-called "Second World War."

Computer technology, the next step of man, was developed almost as a by-product of World War II by Cybernetic Superstars like Norbert Wiener and John Von Neumann (how many of you learned those names in school?) who were doing weaponry research for the military.

The commercial synergy of that stream culminated in the first real computer, Eckert and Mauchly's ENIAC, at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering in Philadelphia in 1948. At that time, broadcast television was just a few years old.



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None of the technologies which are dominant today and make America Media-America were in the public space until after World War II. (Yet World War II still dominates accepted political and cultural thinking.)

All of the post-war corporate successes, however, have to do with radical new technologies; technologies which do not produce things but which process information: the IBMs, Xeroxes, and Polaroids, their suppliers and competitors.

Now, less than fifteen years after they got going, these industries are practically public utilities and the real entrepreneurs are scoring in software and leasing companies which have no vested equity in any particular hardware system.

Meanwhile, production lines are automated and controlled by processing lines of blue-collar information workers like clerks and secretaries and computer-programmers, none of whom work anywhere near the actual manufacturing plant. Instead, they and their supervisors — executives who spend their time having meetings and managing memos and computer print-outs — work in urban office buildings which are like huge, on-line filing cabinets.

Concomitant with this is the ascendance of the super-psychological marketplace where psychic benefits replace physical ones and we're exhorted to buy moods and services, or processes instead of objects.

You just can't track what's going down in Media-America with product models. Communications and computers are our central shaping technologies, and they have absolutely no object value. (What good is a TV set that won't turn on?) Only as process are they worth anything to us.

Now the upshot of all this is that history is practically worthless as a survival model. Not only is there no precedent for television and radio and airplane travel and so on prior to this century at the outside, but even those phenomena are evolving within a fraction of a lifetime.

I got my first transistor radio when I was twelve. It cost \$75. Now you can play with them in your crib and they cost less than \$7.50. When they break down you throw them away. Similarly, the carcasses of television sets are common sights in city garbage cans. Twenty-five years ago they were high technology. And jet travel, which to me was a big deal, is no more phenomenal to a kid growing up in Media-America than the existence of the sky itself.

It's not just that history lacks any of the forces operating today which makes it a burnt-out medium. It is also useless because it is product-based. Historical evidence like books, buildings, painting, and sculpture, is what's survived time, not necessarily what was crucial about being alive in the past.

The closest we can come to decoding the process of a past culture (outside of re-creating it through historical movies or flaky Walt Disney pageantry) is by reading about it. That means a print-grid has been laid on our entire past. When the schools try to interface that bias with kids who have been electronically imprinted, the results range from boredom to hostility.

Evolution is parlay, or we'd still be back in the sea. If cells just combined one-on-one, organisms would be larger but not necessarily more complex. The best we could hope for would be a race of giant amoebas. Instead, we are enormously complex creatures relative to our size and development time.

As some scientist once charted out, if we take all of known evolution and equate it to one hour, then man comes in around fifty-seven minutes on the clock of life. In other words, the most complex organism to come along so far took but a fraction of the evolutionary process to emerge, which is a characteristic of parlayed complexity.

There is clearly some sort of velocity of evolution which is accelerating and parlaying back into itself so that the rate of acceleration is itself accelerating. Changes which used to take place over generations now must be accommodated in fractions of a lifetime. Nothing is extraordinary if it happened before you were born. Television and heart transplants and space travel are all *a priori* experiences to children whose parents still consider them phenomenal. Even the age at which girls first begin to menstruate has dropped over the last few decades, according to The New York Times.

But our bodies cannot keep up with what evolution via our minds would have us do. So we are evolving through our technology.

Computers come in generations, just like people. The moon landing module was a collective foetus given birth by a synergy of mind which could not propel its physical body alone into space. We send men into space instead of machines because the state-of-the-art of human beings is more advanced than that of our extensions. By the year 2000, however, computers may be pound-for-pound dollar-for-dollar more advanced. Then we'll start sending them.

This acceleration of succession simply can't be accommodated by the old model which calls it "change" and then generates distress because "change" is disorienting. Just because Richard Nixon's President doesn't mean that all of the 1970s are the 50s in drag, a sort of amphetamine replay of everything that's happened since World War II. "Future shock" is a condition of trying to lay yesterday on today. It's a bias of generations. Nobody who's hip to Media-America suffers from it.

Instead of being in the advanced stages of an old culture we are on the threshold of a new one. Human evolution has done a flip-flop. Like the lines on a logarithm graph which bunch together and then space out again we have crossed over from super-swift technology to the crude, nascent stages of controlling our own evolution. Already we can countermand nature's aging with biological engineering like heart pacemakers, synthetic arteries, transplants, and so on. Next, genetic engineering will enable us to control human development from conception on.



Technologies are embodiments of mind. Or, as Buckminster Fuller says, anything nature will let us do is natural. Technology is thus neither all good nor all bad because nature itself is not such a binary system. Forms on their way up co-exist with ones on their way down — which enhances the diversity essential to evolution. Once dinosaurs made it. Now they would be out of place, to say the least. And so on.

There is no possible realm which has an independent technology on one side and us on the other. While Luddites may have a comprehensive program, they are ultimately spiting themselves.

Media and man evolve together. The bias of each new medium is that it seems more congruent with mental process than the one it supplanted. This happens in two stages.

First a new medium seems fabulously "real" and excites people no end. Perspective painting, for example, was once such a turn-on. Today you can still find people who think that film is a mainline into the brain.

But after a while a medium seems so natural that its effects are taken for granted and its bias is given the status of "objectivity." This is what happened with print, which put its hooks into thought process for five hundred years. Out of that experience came all sorts of biases, like the Cartesian mind-body dichotomy, which couldn't have made more sense at the time.

In videospace it's impossible to know where your insides end and your outsides begin. However, print-people in television think they are being "objective" by using TV as a radio with a screen. In other words, they wrap "subjective" images in objective words.

But kids who have never known a world without television don't make the value judgment that personal contact is real and TV is unreal.

My own experience straddles print and television. TV is "where the action is," but when I want to cool out I read a while because it slows me down. Print is television's Thorazine. Reading is an experience I select to fit my mood, not a natural process which transcends any mood.

Like techno-evolution, media evolution is accelerating. Within less than a century man has developed three major media: radio, film, and television. Each is an overload of a previous one, and was used first to do a better job than an old medium. Film first imitated theater. Television combined both film and theater. Or offset printing, for example, which was a natural response to an overload on the letterpress system, now has its own indigenous forms: paperback books and the underground press.

High information density within a medium will also generate new soft media, or software patterns. For example, the great breakthroughs in biological research over the past decade have all come as a result of its being a high information field which demanded that the process of information-use itself be understood before discoveries could be made.

Information comes together and diversifies exactly like the evolution of organisms. In fact, it's impossible to draw a line between the evolution of man and that of his media. They feed each other. The more sophisticated an organism's media are, the more complex the organism.

Ants, for example, are limited in what they can pass on from generation to generation because they have no external storage media. Because man does, he can mutate himself within a generation or less. Instinct is but one of man's many media. But it's all an ant's got.

Man's media processes are cultural DNA; the assimilation of them we call education. For a medium to function like DNA, its genetic analogue, it must have three modes: record, storage, and playback.

Print meets those criteria. We record with writing, store on paper, and play back through reading. Film has never supplanted print because its three modes are expensive and demand an intolerable lag time for processing. Moreover, film technology, especially in playback, demands a fetishist's attention to equipment and environment, which is why film is a cult medium.

Film is the evolutionary link between print and videotape. Like reading, seeing a movie is essentially a solitary experience. Unlike print, film is highly kinetic.

Media also exist in symbiotic or hybrid forms. Film and TV combine into movies on television. The symbiosis of radio and TV is Walter Cronkite. And so on.

But each medium also demands its own context. Until the development of videotape it was possible to view TV as a hybrid. With videotape, however, television becomes a total system and succeeds print as our cultural DNA. Recording on videotape is analogous to writing, the tape itself is equivalent to paper, and playback through a TV set is video read-out. Only by pushing film to its limit can it match the ease of operation at which videotape begins. Videotape as a process medium frees film to become an art form.

A failure to understand which medium is cultural DNA at any point in time is counter-evolutionary. Because American education, which is only now getting into film, refuses to verify the assimilation of video literacy it has become anti-survival. In that context, rebellion is a biological response.

Evolution is essentially a process of information storage and retrieval. That's what genes are all about. Resisting the neurophysiological congruence of television and brain is schizophrenic. It may be that there will be no clear-cut new medium to succeed television, only symbioses of video, lasers, computers, and beyond. But cultural DNA is sure to ascend to new hybrid forms. Already people find holograms phenomenally "real."

Just as techno-evolution is gradually phasing out our bodies with increasingly sophisticated support technologies like heart machines, synthetic arteries,

and so on, so too is media evolution transforming us into whatever technology can best record and retrieve information.

A system is defined by the character of its information flow. Totalitarian societies, for example, are maintained from a centralized source which tolerates little feedback. Democracies, on the other hand, respect two-way information channels which have many sources.

When a culture has only crude communications technology information flow is reflected in social ritual. But in an electronic culture like Media-America the communications systems themselves, not philosophy, are what shape social structure. Similarly, it is the structure of bureaucracy, not the decisions which are pumped through it, that determines government policy.

Because we are in an information environment, no social change can take place without new designs in information architecture. Re-design at any sublevel will only generate frustration. Many of Media-America's problems can be understood as a clash of information structures.

Print information, for example, is biased toward hierarchy and control because it fosters linearity and detachment. Electronic media are the opposite. They are everywhere all-at-once. Schools, which are based on print and centralized control of information, can no longer contain students who can be their own authorities simply by turning on a TV or a transistor radio. It's the very structure of TV that undermines the nature of school administrations, regardless of what the programming is.

But the structure of broadcast television contains its own schizophrenic contradictions. We get too much news to accept authority based on restriction of information flow. Yet pre-Media-Americans are conditioned to trust authority because "the President knows more than we do." Nonetheless our video sense of death in Vietnam is no less vivid than the President's.

Agnew's attacks on television are successful with pre-Media-Americans who are anxious because they know too much and yet believe that authority is based on someone knowing more than they do. While Media-Americans ask the government to get in sync with the information environment, Agnew demands the opposite.

Agnew is right about broadcast television being a system which minimizes diversity (although he makes it sound as if he wants his viewpoint in place of others, not alongside them). This is inherent in the technology which has no capacity for feedback.

Television sets, for example, are also called "receivers," a one-way term for a system which conditions passivity. So on the one hand we're given information to respond to; on the other there are no sanctioned channels of response. This results in spontaneous attempts at feedback like the pro-war construction workers who stormed around on Wall Street and then rushed home to see themselves on the evening TV news shows.

It may be that unless we re-design our television structure our own capacity to survive as a species may be diminished. For if the character of our culture is defined by its dominant communications medium, and that medium is an overly-centralized, low-variety system, then we will succumb to those biologically unviable characteristics. Fortunately techno-evolution has spawned new video modes like portable videotape, cable television, and videocassettes which promise to restore a media-ecological balance to TV.

And we're going to need similar technologies to save our cities. Modern urban design is largely a function of homogeneous information-processing structures. The result is an ahuman "international" style of curtain-wall architecture coming from hack construction company designers as well as from fashionable architects like Philip Johnson.

Instead of buildings which stress their structural elements and give a sense of tactility, print-men give us visual masterpieces which are to be looked at but not experienced. Where there used to be diversity of ground level shops, we now get homogeneous forty-foot-high granite slabs studded with elevator doors.

Park Avenue in New York, the quintessence of all that, has absolutely no human scale. Similarly they're killing off the Avenue of the Americas with buildings which are designed to expedite, not engage, pedestrian traffic. The only exception is the Saarinen-designed CBS building with its triangular columns which shift their perspective as you walk by. Everything else is unresponsive hard cybernetic technology which controls you and not vice-versa. Except perhaps for self-service elevators. But they're linear.

Corporations, which are still structured around centralized information flow, demand that their subsidiaries be responsible to a "home" office rather than to the cities which house them. Urban centers thus function as support systems for multinational corporations which do not feed back to any local-community.

Executives are either transferred frequently or use their offices as locker rooms for when they're not traveling. Travel itself is reduced to a problem in information processing. Either computers shuffle planes and passengers around or you can stay at home and teleport yourself with telephones and telefax.

Most of the men who control our cultural decision processes live in suburbs which bleed off deteriorating cities\* while offering none of the diversity of a total country or a total urban environment. Suburbs may be ideal rest areas for executives who can feed on the variety of a city during the day, but as full-time whole environments they rob kids of any survival experience. Not for nothing can dope be found in almost every American high school.

Only the most powerless urban classes have a vested interest in the livability of cities, and they are informationally indigent.

Feedback is the key concept of the Cybernetic Revolution for without it there would be no control technologies; only machines which run willy-nilly onward until they burn out or are stopped externally.

When Wiener discovered that control and communication in the animal and machine are the same; he meant that both respond to feedback process. The initial application of feedback concepts was in gunnery where to target a missile it was necessary to consider each successive state as stemming from the last rather than assuming an even velocity over the range of firing.

Before feedback came along people believed that the universe was a big machine wherein each action was initiated independent of the preceding one. And God was the mechanic who kept the thing running.

That was groovy for a long time because with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of resources we didn't have to worry about consequences. That's how pollution happened. Pollution is empirical evidence of feedback.

Evolution proceeds through feedback. Nature selects in those creatures which are going to make it by the environment feeding back to animals and vice-versa. When the two are congruent, as with say an aardvark's long nose and enough ants to go around, then survival is enhanced. When the characteristics of an organism deviate from what the environment can feed back, then it perishes. Without feedback a creature exists in a vacuum and that's impossible.

Man, thinker that he is, experiences not just physical feedback, but psychological as well. In fact, feedback is a prerequisite for the verification of experience. People who get no feedback or who refuse it become autistic or catatonic.

In Media-America, our information structures are so designed as to minimize feedback. There is no feeding back to broadcast television; you can call up a radio talk show but the announcer usually works you over; and there's only so many times you can write a "letter-to-the-editor."

This makes for incredible cultural tension because on the one hand people cannot ignore media evolution, while on the other they require feedback for psychological balance. The result was the 1960s: every conceivable special interest group, which was informationally disenfranchised, indulged in a sort of "mass media therapy" where they created events to get coverage, and then rushed home to see the verification of their experience on TV.

Mass media therapy, however, is at best an *ad hoc* remedy for social problems because it demands abnormal behavior which cannot be integrated into normal living patterns.

The now legendary 1968 Democratic convention was energizing for people who were on the streets of Chicago because it was extraordinary in a superficial way that life is not: demonstrations and combat, staying up all night listening to music and smoking dope, a clear-cut enemy, and so on. That's exhilarating stuff, but totally unapplicable to an ongoing life style. The streets may belong to the people, but they're a crummy place to live.

But if our information structures are so designed as to minimize feedback and verify only what is essentially abnormal behavior, the psychological survival of Media-America is threatened. And mass media therapy will continue.

Moreover, if people are unable to believe that their collective will has a collective effect on the physical environment, they retreat from their feelings of impotency into conspiracy theories of social action.

Such a lack of feedback is exactly the opposite of democracy in America as de Tocqueville saw it: decentralized, self-governing units of people who could see that their decisions were being carried out.

It's nostalgia to think that that type of balance can be restored politically when politics are a function of Media-America, not vice-versa. Only through a radical re-design of its information structures to incorporate two-way, decentralized inputs can Media-America optimize the feedback it needs to come back to its senses.

Media-America is on information overload. The proliferation of information technology from techno-evolution and media evolution has revealed a sort of Parkinson's Law of Media: "Information expands so as to fill the channels available for its dissemination."

The result is that everyone feels they have to know more, instead of knowing differently. Thus people sign up for speed reading courses but refuse to try smoking dope. Or they subscribe to news-magazines which haven't changed their formats very much in the last thirty years instead of finding re-organized print resources like the Whole Earth Catalog.

But no system can survive continual overload unless it's re-structured. When electrical systems keep burning out or dams break we don't re-design them the same way. Similarly, the way to respond to "all-information-all-the-time" isn't to try to pump more into the same old head, but to treat it as a new medium, and expand your head.

It's unlikely there will be a significant, discrete new medium beyond television. Instead we're going to have symbioses of media. Things like Xerox machines giving a print-out of a televised copy of the daily newspaper; three media in one; or model testing by community groups using computer terminals to cure problems. (All electronic information can be transmitted as the same type of binary pulse. Thus the cable in cable television can supply any type of end-terminal from TV to computers to holographic chambers.)

"All-information-all-the-time" is thus an amalgam of media which transcends any specific hardware configuration. It is in essence a soft medium and requires new software patterns instead of beefing-up the old models. (It is also verification of the ultimate ascension of media evolution to a purely process condition in which mind will succeed mind independent of gross matter.)



Only reasonably adequate criteria of perceptual relevance permit a species to survive. If output — behavioral, genetic, or otherwise — doesn't sensibly correspond to input the species courts extinction. Almost any model can, of course, be verified by the user if he tries hard enough (that's what paranoia's all about), but some enhance survival more than others.

If I believed, for example, that there are no automobiles on city streets during rush hours, unless I modified that model very quickly, I'd be wiped out.

The breakdown of old models and the inability of authority to legitimize new ones by understanding that Media-America is discontinuous with the past is central to the crisis in our culture.

A recent study discovered that kids who think their parents are sources of useful information are the ones who get along best with mom and dad.

Formal education, i.e., school, is exclusively a survival process. Creativity is a high form of survival because it optimizes flexibility. Kids who rebel at the inflexibility of schools are merely responding biologically to being subjected to an anti-survival mode.

The main problem is that in an age of process, authority is still using product models, things that you can see. Yet, as Buckminster Fuller points out, we went off the visual standard fifty years ago: from wire to wireless, track to trackless, and so on.

Nonetheless, the news media, because they have been unable to develop a process vocabulary, zoom after visually-oriented or product information every chance they get.

Each front page of The New York Daily News exploits some visual event as a headline (rape, murder, explosions, labor stoppages instead of wage negotiations, and so on) atop a huge photograph which is really a mini-TV screen. Often the picture has nothing to do with anything else; it just looks good, like a shot of two paraplegic sisters tearfully embracing after not having seen each other for fifty years when one was mistaken for a cow when they landed on Ellis Island, that sort of thing.

In such a context, resentment against the young is embodied in a visual symbol: long hair.

(Of course the other extreme is the baroque sophistication of a paper like The New York Times, especially the Sunday edition, fully half of whose content is information about information: studies, reports, policy discussions, with headlines like "Wider Study on Humans Urged," as Peter De Vries once wrote.)

But all the old anthropomorphic models have been destroyed by techno-evolution. Our machines do things which are in no way representative of physical extensions. A moon landing module, for example, has absolutely no traditional, visual aerodynamic characteristics. And computers, even if they extend our brains, have no human analogue because you simply can't "see" the brain think.

"Reality" is now represented by information media like brain wave monitors or computer print-outs which are not visual reproductions but whole languages other than sight. The upshot is that man must now self-reference in an information space which has no product markers, only process.

The final supplanting by information territory of visual space came with the space program, ironically. Rockets are launched one place, controlled another, tracked in foreign countries, and retrieved in the ocean. Those flag decals which read "Good old USA, first on the moon," are reactionary precisely because they're so nostalgic.

The ultimate shortcoming of the product mentality is that it makes for palliative rather than remedial solutions. We are forever treating problems after they become visible rather than re-designing whole systems. We're always reacting instead of acting. The result is that government is geared towards crisis management, not anticipatory response. (In fact, it's almost as if the government doesn't know what to do unless there's a crisis or something stridently visible to manage. It's not just because he needed a catchy title that the one book Nixon ever wrote was called Six Crises. His whole style of governing is one which demands visual confrontations which are "resolved" by his going on television so he can be seen doing his agonizing. The ultimate result of crisis government is a demoralized citizenry, however, because people are misled into thinking that things are out of their control and that only authority knows better.) The history of American transportation is one of our subservience to the production line. Each step always seemed a better palliative and no comprehensive remedy or symbiotic plan was developed. The government funded the Interstate highway system which ultimately undercut the railroads. Then when Penn Central goes bankrupt the government is asked to bail it out. Resuscitating the railroads means undercutting the airlines. And so on.

We're just now understanding the consequences of hardware, but nobody's anywhere near publicizing potential software fall-out. Twenty-five years too late people are concerned about the effects of broadcast-TV. But no one is looking into the potential of the technologies which will replace it.

Software fall-out is a consequence of the media's failure to develop a grammar of process. Other than to anthropomorphize it, the popular press has developed no language to personalize the effects of technology. We do not learn about scientists and technologists in the same colorful way we learn about politicians or even athletes.

Yet the bias of technology, not ideology, is where the real power lies in Media-America. Our having no on-line technological analysis is an anti-survival mode.

In that context, Nixon can get away with indignation at the vote against more funds for the SST with the stated reasoning: 1. we've already put lots of money into it, and 2. without it we'll become a "second-rate power."

An overload of attention was paid to the political consequences of his logic, but no one called his bluff on the real, technological importance, the

perpetuation of old myth-models: 1. if you've spent money on something, that validates it, so spend more, and 2. technology is basically a power tool.

We have no myth-modeling system for using the future (feedforward). Thus we can't adjust feedback models to attain desirable future states. Without a mythology of the future, "future shock" prevails.

Future shock is nothing more than the experience of product man lost in an age of process because he expects the future to be just a bigger past, not different. When it's not the same as they remember, people get upset.

Automation was one of the great triumphs of the future shock myth. Everyone mistakenly assumed that an age of automation would be exactly the same as it was, only some people would be put out of work by machines. What really happened was that automation created a new industrial climate and with it new, but different jobs. Anyone who's into systems could have told you that when you change a variable, you change the system.

Media-America is a vast psychological environment. In it, most of our central experiences are information or process ones. For example, I have been to two professional football games in my life, but have seen perhaps a hundred or more on TV.

A "real" ballpark seems surreal to me, unfamiliar. At home I have a better seat than in the stadium. And the way I experience the game at home is indigenous to the information, not the physical environment. It would take strong LSD indeed to be able to see a game in a football stadium which had instant replay and slow-motion.

Yet we don't consider these experiences unreal. Similarly, most people who have never been to Vietnam nonetheless have strong, sometimes visceral, feelings about the war; the notion of "crime-in-the-streets" stimulates us although the percentage of people who have actually experienced it in person is very small.

In short, most of what we experience is information or process, not product events. Even our whole consumer product economy is essentially the marketing of moods. Advertising always stresses psychological benefits before physical ones when it exhorts you to buy a product. (And food is merchandised for taste qualities, even though much of it is nutritionally worthless. When I was a kid we were hyped-up about white bread which had, and still has, practically no nutritional value. I remember one year when the breadmakers announced a new process designed to eliminate big air bubbles and provide a completely homogeneous texture, loaf after loaf, as if that were some sort of ideal, although it contributed nothing to bread's health qualities.)

There are then two ways to respond to the psychological environment. We can try to shut it out. Or we can search out channels of feedback which allow us to manipulate our information intake.

But our information structures are precisely designed to deny feedback. Thus any mechanisms which try to disrupt that imbalance are ruled illegal. Demonstrations are attempts at physical feedback. Mind drugs are the unsanctioned response to psychological pressure, and in a culture that supposedly prizes personal freedom their use is made illegal because psychic individuality is feared as subversive.

But you just can't tell people who've never known a mental or physical state other than Media-America that "history" says dope is bad for you. Yet that's what Agnew said once in a speech which concluded that alcohol's all right because "Western Civilization" has sanctioned its use for a few thousand years but has always frowned on dope. That's like telling somebody who's horny to take a cold shower and not think about it.

Dope is software in the information environment. For better or worse, it's perhaps the best psychological software we'll have until the electronic media are made more accessible. Kids have no aversion to dope because they have no history.

Adults, on the other hand, are trapped between the myth of history and Media-America. That mythology is one of the Protestant Ethic, which is product-based: you work hard and you get tangible, physical rewards (because God likes you). Such a schema has no option for process. Its response to overload is to shut it out.

Thus adults respond to process pressures with their drugs, which give the illusion of falling within the parameters of the Protestant Ethic. Dope, like alcohol, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, and even speed, is hyped for its physical effects as if it left the mind alone. Speed, for example, is called "diet pills." Mind drugs are somehow thought of as "fatuous" because everybody knows that hard work only needs "elbow grease."

But it's no longer possible to draw a line between work and play. Information stimuli bombard you both in and out of institutions like schools and businesses. The result is a total involvement in process, or life style, without the sharp line between vocation and avocation.

Pre-Media-Americans misunderstand this. They think that demanding total involvement and enhancement from a job, and refusing one if it doesn't offer them, is somehow decadent because work is something to be endured, not enjoyed.

Adults who remember "the depression" also refuse to forget it. Children of a post-scarcity economy, while they don't necessarily want to give up what products they have because there's no reason why they should, nonetheless want to go beyond them into process modes of sensitivity.

As long as the software of Western religions remains product-based, then the alternative survival response will be the selecting-in of Eastern, process software like the I Ching and astrology. Or medieval tools like the Tarot which were once shut out for being too "mystical." We owe the revitalization of those modes to dopers.

What's really heavy is the refusal of pre-Media-Americans to recognize that dope is a tool, and thus, like any tool, it has both uses and mis-uses. The result is an all-or-nothing attitude on both sides. There are few reliable places to get information on how to discriminate between good or bad drugs, or on what are reasonable and excessive doses.

Instead, people who have never had the experience themselves, or just those who couldn't handle it (i.e., ex-junkies), are the authorities. The *a priori* assumption is that dope is bad but may, perhaps in a very rare case, have some benefits. That's exactly the opposite of how alcohol is put over on us.

The ultimate result is that people who know dope can be all right are psychologically, much less physically, repressed by a culture which refuses to verify their experience. Thus dope smokers seek each other out to legitimize their scan on Media-America.

And what's really twisted is that the same advertisers who prepare anti-dope ads are the ones who help create the need for it with their advertising. It's cheaper and easier to turn-on to get it off than paying five grand for an automobile. And nobody has the money, much less the time, to apply every form of body deodorant and grooming which they try to intimidate us into buying. It's a downer, as the kids say, but dope is a quicker, easier way to self-confidence than the cosmetics industry.

Moreover, the same "creative" people who prepare the anti-dope ads probably use it themselves. One of the weirdest things to come out of the whole mix is a six-foot subway poster captioned: "Did You Ever Wonder Why They Call It Dope?" which has the best pictures I have ever seen of every imaginable drug and names listed underneath. What is meant as a scare against dope is actually an education about it, especially for the subway riders who've never even seen the stuff. The result is practically the opposite of the one intended; it's an advertisement for dope.

Or consider the Coca-Cola slogan: "It's the real thing." In other words, just because you're stoned, don't forget to drink Coke.

Like consumerism, dope is an information survival response. Its ultimate context may be the quest for an information language.

So-called "all-information-all-the-time" is a hype unless we can get to it. Without an access modeling system information remains inert data. For it will be the accessing system itself, not the mere availability of information, that expands the possibility of information use.

In other words, storing every page of every book that ever was on microfilm is worthless unless we can retrieve it, which means knowing what we want to retrieve.

And when the contours of our culture shift, then we want to retrieve in a different way. The old retrieval models become obsolete. But the data is still there.

The interdisciplinary approach in scientific and social problem-solving is such an attempt at re-modeling information access.

But access models tend to break down when the information needed trends toward less finite categories. At M.I.T., for example, only the solid-state physics library has been computerized because its components are so discrete.

What we really need is a fluid information language to access data in ways congruent with mental process, rather than with print contours, which is what systems like the Dewey Decimal are all about.

When we develop super-sophisticated access models we'll be able to re-cycle all of man's past data to fit useful, contemporary contexts. At that point, the ability to re-cycle information, we'll have a true information ecology.

But those access models won't merely be beefed-up versions of current ones. We will have to learn, instead, to access information via whole new modes of knowing. It will be a media-evolutionary synergy of media, rather than a super-duplication of current categories.

That's where dope comes in. As with sophisticated uses of videotape and computers, it gives access to radically different ways of knowing. In his book, *Stranger In a Strange Land*, Robert Heinlein coined the word "grok." When you say you grok something that means you understand it fully: verbally, subverbally, and meta-verbally.

Marijuana, for example, can be a medium for grokking things. Under its influence one word can lay out a whole context, or even one look, or look at. You don't have to say anything to have a perception and apperception enhanced.

Without words it's possible to access your psychological self-structure: how you see others perceiving you, how they perceive themselves, and so on. When that leads to paranoia you work through that too. And the first thing you learn is that you can no longer make the value judgment between what is real and what is not. Just like with TV.

In short, the medium of marijuana was generated by media evolution to fill a software need. Of course it has its limitations. Like any tool it can be mis-used. Trusting it to navigate certain physical and psychological contours can be dangerous.

That American universities did not pioneer in offering useful information about the effects of dope betrays their *a priori* commitment to maintaining existing life styles.

But for dealing with psychological forms it is a genuine aid to sorting out input. Moreover, it's quite common to remember dope software patterns when you're not stoned. In fact, it's practically impossible to remember not remembering them.

The synergy of dope is that in less than a decade media evolution has radically altered collective perception. People aren't just getting different experiences, they're experiencing differently.

America will simply have to realize and sanction the notion that the widespread experimentation with drugs is not a symptom of decadence but, on the contrary, one of adaptation.



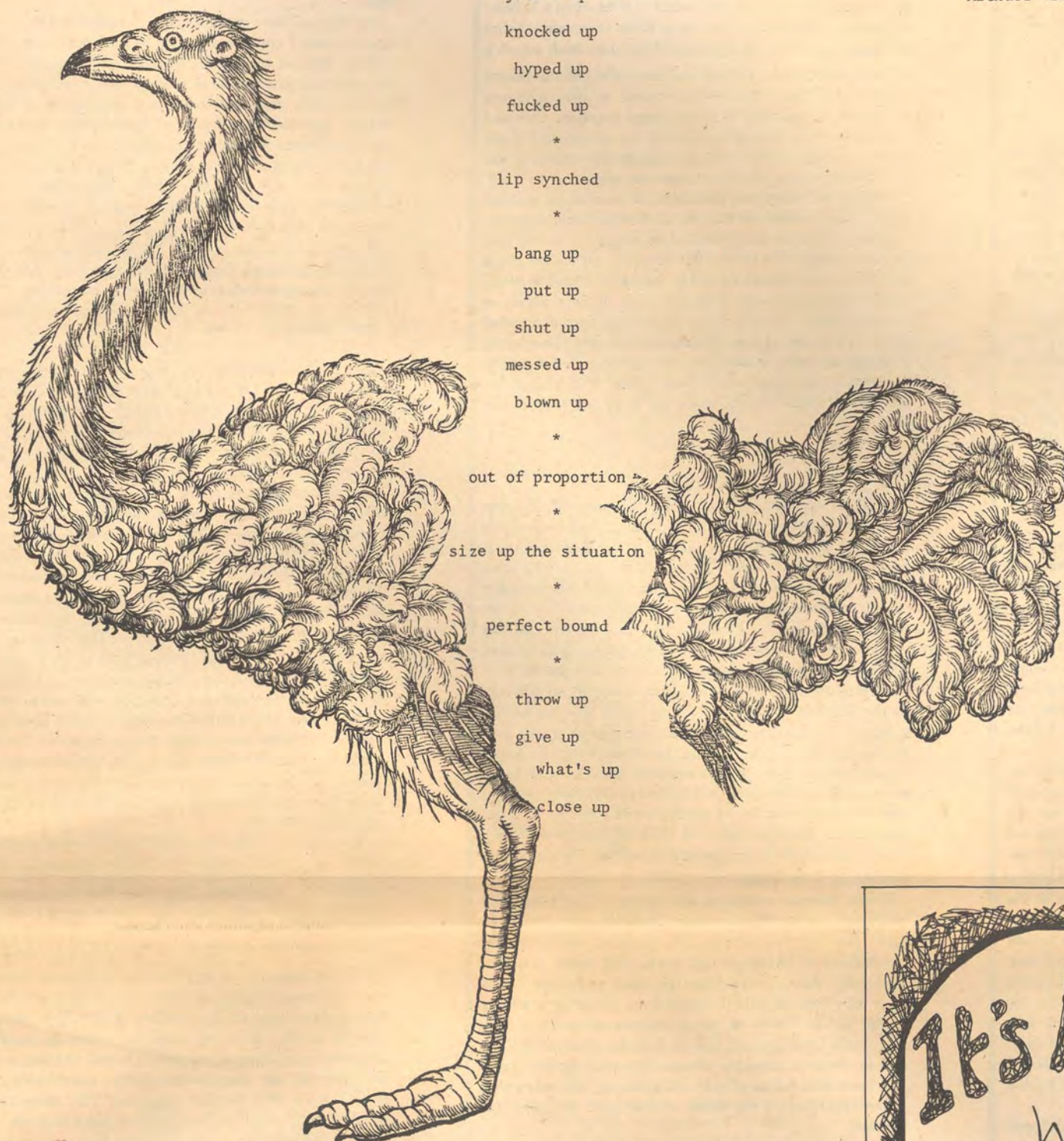
THE DEBRIS OF LANGUAGE

A Phrase Poem Collaboration by

David Meltzer

Tina Meltzer

Michael Wiater



frame up

jacked up

knocked up

hyped up

fucked up

lip synched

bang up

put up

shut up

messed up

blown up

out of proportion

size up the situation

perfect bound

throw up

give up

what's up

close up

indeed i live in the dark ages  
a guileless word is an absurdity  
a smooth forehead betokens  
a hard heart ~ he who laughs  
has not yet heard  
the terrible tidings

ah ~ what an age it is  
when to speak of trees is almost a crime  
for it is a kind of silence about injustice

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MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS,  
POSTERS  
NON-SEXIST CHILDREN'S BOOKS  
LESBIAN LITERATURE  
BOOK EXCHANGE  
REFERENCE FILE  
COFFEE & CONVERSATION



## SOME THOUGHTS ON CITIZENSHIP AND CONSCIENCE IN HONOR OF DON PRATT

### I

The idea of citizenship in the United States seems to me to have been greatly oversimplified. It has become permissible to assume that all one needs to do to be a good citizen is to vote and obey and pay taxes, as if one can be a good citizen without being a citizen either of a community or of a place. As if citizenship is merely a matter of perfunctory dutifulness, a periodic deference to the organizations, beyond which it is every man for himself.

Because several years ago I became by choice a resident of the place I am native to, which I know intimately and love strongly, I have begun to understand citizenship in more complex terms. As I have come to see it, it requires devotion and dedication, and a certain inescapable bewilderment and suffering. It needs all the virtues, all of one's attention, all the knowledge that one can gain and bring to bear, all the powers of one's imagination and conscience and feeling. It is the complete action. Rightly understood, its influence and concern permeate the whole society, from the children's bedroom to the capitol.

But it begins at home. Its meanings come clearest, it is felt most intensely in one's own house. The health, coherence, and meaningfulness of one's own household are the measure of the success of the government, and not the other way around.

My devotion thins as it widens. I care more for my household than for the town of Port Royal, more for the town of Port Royal than for the County of Henry, more for the County of Henry than for the State of Kentucky, more for the State of Kentucky than for the United States of America. But I do not care more for the United States of America than for the world.

I must attempt to care as much for the world as for my household. Those are the poles between which a competent morality would balance and mediate: the doorstep and the planet. The most meaningful dependence of my house is not on the U.S. government, but on the world, the earth. No matter how sophisticated and complex and powerful our institutions, we are still exactly as dependent on the earth as the earthworms. To cease to know this, and to fail to act upon the knowledge, is to begin to die the death of a broken machine. In default of man's personal cherishing and care, now that his machinery has become so awesomely powerful, the earth must become the victim of his institutions, the violent self-destructive machinery of man-in-the-abstract. And so, conversely, the most meaningful dependence of the earth is not on the U.S. government, but on my household—how I live, how I raise my children, how I care for the land entrusted to me.

These two poles of life and thought offer two different points of view, perspectives that are opposite and complementary. But morally, because one is contained within the other and the two are interdependent, they propose the same consciousness and the same labor. To attempt to interpose another moral standard between these two, which I take to be absolute and ultimately the same, is to prepare the way for a power that is arbitrary and tyrannical. To assert that a man owes an allegiance that is antecedent to his allegiance to his household, or higher than his allegiance to the earth, is to invite a state of moral chaos that will destroy both the household and the earth.

Since there is no government of which the concern or the discipline is primarily the health either of households or of the earth, since it is in the nature of any state to be concerned first of all with its own preservation and only second with the cost, the dependable, clear response to man's moral circumstance is not that of law, but that of conscience. The highest moral behavior is not obedience to law, but obedience to the informed conscience even in spite of law. The government will be the last to see the moral implications of man's dependence on the earth, and the last to admit that wars can no longer be fought in behalf of some men but only against all men. Though these realizations have entered the consciences and the lives of certain persons, they have not yet superseded the self-interest of any government.

As law without conscience is hollow, so law that is not willingly preceded and shaped by conscience is tyrannical; the state is deified, and men are its worshipers, obeying as compulsively and blindly as ants. The law is no defense against the greatest ills of our time, for power, as always, subverts the law. Only the consciences of persons can be depended upon to take the stand that is unequivocally moral, and to make the clear, complete refusal.

I do not mean to support, and I do not respect, any act of civil disobedience that is violent, or that is obstructive of the rights of other people. Such overbearing zeal is as fearful to me in the service of peace and brotherhood as in the service

of war and hate. But I do support and respect those peaceable acts of disobedience by which conscience withholds itself from the contamination of acts antithetical to it, as when a believer in the sixth commandment refuses to kill or to support a policy of killing even when legally required to do so. Such an act is no mere vagary. It is the basis and essence of political liberty, defining the true nature of government as only such acts can define it—asserting, as it has been necessary time and again to assert in the history both of our country and of our species, that the government governs by the consent of the people, not by any divine or inherent right.

To hear the boasts and the claims of some of our political leaders, one would think that we all lived in the government. The lower order of our politicians no doubt do so, and they no doubt exhibit the effects. But though I am always aware that I live in my household and in the world, I wish to testify that in my best moments I am not aware of the existence of the government. Though I respect and feel myself dignified by the principles of the Declaration and the Constitution, I do not remember a day when the thought of the government made me happy, and I never think of it without the wish that it might become wiser and truer and smaller than it is.

### II

Nothing in my education or experience prepared me even to expect the horror and anxiety and moral bewilderment that I have felt during these years of racism and disintegration at home and a war of unprecedented violence and senselessness abroad. The attempt to keep meaning in one's life at such a time is a continuous strain, and perhaps ultimately futile: there is undoubtedly a limit to how long private integrity can hold out in the face of, and within, public disintegration. The conflict is plainly seeded with madness and death.

Even in our sleep some critical part of our attention is held by the descending roar of a machine bigger than the world—a society so automated and bureaucratized, so stuffed with the rhetoric of self-righteousness, that it is seemingly no longer capable of a moral or a human response. With the world in our power and our power assigned to the moral authority of those who will profit most by its misuse, we continue to bless and congratulate ourselves upon the boyhood honesty of George Washington. And so the machine descends. We are already suffocating in its fumes.

Slowly America awakens to the tragedy of her history, the unquieted ghosts of her martyrs brooding over her in the night, her forfeited visions, the plundered and desecrated maidenhood of her lands and forests and rivers. I write a little more than a week after the death of Martin Luther King, who lived as only the great live, in humble obedience to the highest ideals, in proud defiance of men and laws that would have required him to abide by a narrower vision and to dream a narrower dream. He stood for the American hope in its full amplitude and generosity. His martyrdom is the apparition of the death of that hope in racism and violence.

And today I live with the sorrow and shame that one of the finest young men of the university where I teach is in jail. He is in jail because he refuses to co-operate in the prosecution of a war that he believes to be unjust and unnecessary and immoral, because he insists upon living by the sixth commandment and the Golden Rule, because he does not believe that a wrong is any less a wrong when committed with the government's sanction and by the government's order. He is in jail because he will not acknowledge, because he cannot see, any difference between public morality and private morality. This young man's name is Don Pratt, a citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, a student of the University of Kentucky, one of the exemplary men of Kentucky. I acknowledge myself deeply indebted to him. His sacrifice and his fate have become a clarifying pain in my consciousness. His nobility is one of the reasons I have—and they are not abundant—to continue to hope for the future of my species. He and the other young men who have taken the stand he has taken are among the most precious moral resources of our country. Because they have not only believed in our highest ideals, but have also acted as they believed, the world is whole before them, and they are whole before the world.

There is, as Thoreau said, a great shame in going free while good men are in jail because of their goodness. Perhaps there is also shame in only going to jail while innocent people are dying or burning alive by the "accidents" of our technological warfare. There is shame in the inheritance of ancestral wrong, in the realization of how deliberately for how many years we have lived by the exploitation and waste of the earth and of one another. To open one's consciousness to the world as we have made it is to receive the sleepless anguish of this shame. To feel it is one of the costs to our kind of being morally alive.

And so, the sense of shame deep in me, and full of craving for moral clarity, I ask myself why it is that I am not in jail. And I answer, with much uncertainty, that I have not yet been faced with going to jail as an inescapable obligation—

an obligation, that is, which would cancel out such other obligations as that of keeping together my family and household.

My life, as I have made it and as I understand it, is turned against what I consider the evils of our society—its suicidal wish to become a machine, its lethargic assumption that a mythologized past can serve as some kind of moral goal that can effectively discipline the present. My aim is to imagine and live out a decent and preserving relationship to the earth. I am determined to cling to this effort as long as I can maintain some meaning in it. But I know, the events of recent years make it clear, that there may come a time when it will be necessary to give it up, when to hold to it will be more destructive of it than to let it go. If I should be required in the name of the law to place my life in the service of the machinery of man's destructiveness and hate, then I hope for the courage to refuse in the name of conscience.

### III

But wait. I am about to cross over into too much solemnity, a useless shame. Let me step aside from crowds—even the crowd of those whose opinions I share—and stand up finally in the place, and among the concerns, of my own life. I wish to speak no further except out of the few acres of hillside and woods and riverbank near Port Royal, Kentucky, that I hope to have made mine for life. I accept the meanings of that place for the time I will be there, as my meanings, accepting also that my life and its effects belong ineradicably to that place. I am occupied there with a small orchard, vines and berry bushes, henyard and garden and pasture—with increasing the richness and the abundance and the meaningfulness of that part of the earth for my family and myself, and for those who will live there after us. This effort has given me many hours of intense pleasure, both in itself and in the sense of what it means as a human possibility. It holds out to me in the most immediate way the hope of peace, the ideal of harmlessness, the redeeming chance that a man can live so as to enhance and enlarge the possibility of life in the world, rather than to diminish it. I do not acknowledge the pleasure I take in this part of my life with shame, though I know that while I have felt this pleasure much of the world has been miserable.

The solemnity and ostentatious grief of some implies that there is a mystical equation by which one man, by suffering enough grief, by a denial of joy, can atone or compensate for the suffering of many men. The logical culmination of this feeling is self-incineration, which only removes one from the problem without solving it. Because so many are hungry, should we weep as we eat? No child will grow fat on our tears. But to eat, taking whatever satisfaction it gives us, and then to turn again to the problem of how to make it possible for another to eat, to undertake to cleanse ourselves of the great wastefulness of our society, to seek alternatives in our own lives to our people's thoughtless squandering of the world's goods—that promises a solution. That many are cold and the world is full of hate does not mean that one should stand in the snow for shame or refrain from making love. To refuse to admit decent and harmless pleasures freely into one's own life is as wrong as to deny them to someone else. It impoverishes and darkens the world.

My impression is that the great causes of peace and brotherhood are being served these days with increasing fanaticism, obsessiveness, self-righteousness, and anger. As if the aim is to turn the world into a sort of Protestant heaven, from which all nonmembers have been eliminated, and in which the principle satisfaction is to go around looking holy. In short, the supporters of these causes are becoming specialists, like preachers and generals, and I think that is a very bad sign. Such specialists, it seems to me, are the enemies of their cause. Too many are now expending themselves utterly in the service of political abstractions, and my guess is that this is because of a growing sense of guilt and a growing belief that this guilt can be expiated in political action. I do not believe it, nor do I believe very much in the efficacy of political solutions. The political activist sacrifices himself to politics; though he has a cause, he has no life; he has become the driest of experts. And if he narrows and desiccates his life for the sake of the future of his ideals, what right has he to hope that the success of his ideals will bring a fuller life? Unsubstantiated in his own living, his motives grow hollow, puffed out with the blatant air of oratory.

What is happening now is that most public people, from government officials and political candidates to student activists, are involved in an ever-intensifying contest of self-righteous rhetoric. No one can feel certain he will be believed until he has said something more extreme than has been said before, and this both proceeds from and promotes the sense that the speaker is absolutely right and unimpeachably virtuous. There is no possibility of intelligence in it. And pacifists and peaceworkers especially should be aware of its enormous potential of violence. The problems of violence cannot be solved on public platforms, but only in people's lives. And to give the matter over to the processes of public rhetoric is to forego the personal self-critical moral intelligence that



is essential to any hope for peace, and that can only function in the daily life of individuals. That I have abjured violence in principle does not mean that I have shrugged off the history of violence that I descend from, or the culture of violence that I have grown used to, or the habits and reflexes of violence in my body and mind, or the prejudices that preserve violence and justify it, or the love of violence. And this suggests to me that I can speak of my commitment to the cause of peace only with hesitance and with the greatest circumspection, and that I should avoid any rhetoric that might lead me to offer myself as a model.

#### IV

What one does can originate nowhere but in his life. If his life is organizational and abstract, dependent on the support and passion of crowds, full of the fervor of allegiance rather than the fervor of personal love and independence, then his love of peace is a hollow specialization. His hope is liable to be obscured by his cause. He is apt to find himself marching in protest against militarism and shouting or shoving in protest against force. The next step is only to join the militarists in making war in protest against war, soaring in self-righteousness, condemning and slurring all who do not agree. A tyranny of fanatical peace lovers is as credible to me as a tyranny of militarists, and I don't think there would be any difference.

It seems to me inescapable that before a man can usefully promote an idea, the idea must be implemented in his own life. If he is for peace he must have a life in which peace is possible. He must be peaceable. To be a peaceable man is to be the hope of the world. To be only an agitator for peace is to be a specialist, one in a swarm of random particles, destructive in implication, however pacific by intention. How can a man hope to promote peace in the world if he has not made it possible in his own life and his own household? If he is a peaceable man, then he has assured a measure of peace in the world, though he may never utter a public word.

I am struggling, amid all the current political uproar, to keep clearly in mind that it is *not* merely because our policies are wrong that we are so destructive and violent. It goes deeper than that, and is more troubling. We are so little at peace with ourselves and our neighbors because we are not at peace with our place in the world, our land. American history has been to a considerable extent the history of our warfare against the natural life of the continent. Until we end our violence against the earth—a matter ignored by most pacifists, as the issue of military violence is ignored by most conservationists—how can we hope to end our violence against each other? The earth, which we all have in common, is our deepest bond, and our behavior toward it cannot help but be an earnest of our consideration for each other and for our descendants. To corrupt or destroy the natural environment is an act of violence not only against the earth but also against those who are dependent on it, including ourselves. To waste the soil is to cause hunger, as direct an aggression as an armed attack; it is an act of violence against the future of the human race.

The American disease is the assumption that when a man has exploited and used up the possibilities of one place, he has only to move on to another place. This has made us a nation of transients, both physically and morally, and as long as we remain so I think that we will inhabit the earth like a plague, destroying whatever we touch. It seems to me that our people are suffering terribly from a sort of spiritual nomadism, a loss of meaningful contact with the earth and the earth's cycles of birth, growth and death. They lack the vital morality and spirituality that can come only from such contact: the sense, for instance, of their dependence on the earth, and the sense of eternal mystery surrounding life on earth, which is its ultimate and most disciplining context.

As long as a man relates only to other men, he can be a specialist with impunity; the illusion of the morality of "doing one's job," no matter what the job, is still accessible to him. But if he would establish a satisfying relation to a place, the capsule of his specialization must be broken and his commitments widen *perforce*, for the needs of his place, his part of the earth, are not specialized, and are as far as possible from the artificial, purely human contexts in which specialization is imaginable as a solution to any problem. Once he is joined to the earth with any permanence of expectation and interest, his concerns ramify in proportion to his understanding of his dependence on the earth and his consequent responsibility toward it. He realizes, because the demands of the place make it specific and inescapable, that his responsibility is not merely that of an underling, a worker at his job, but also moral, historical, political, aesthetic, ecological, domestic, educational, and so on.

#### V

What I am attempting to say is that what has come to be

the common form of protest, in the anxiety and confusion of these times, is not the *only* form of protest, and that in the long run it is probably not the *best* form. I realize, of course, that there are some who have no alternative to public gestures of protest: demonstrations or draft refusal or exile. But for others there is the possibility of a protest that is more complex and permanent, public in effect but private in its motive and implementation: they can *live* in protest. I have in mind a sort of personal secession from the encroaching institutional machinery of destruction and waste and violence. Conscientious civil disobedience is the most familiar example of this, also the most dramatic, and surely all moral men must think of it as a possibility, and prepare themselves. But it is an extreme step, and in my opinion should be thought of only as a last resort. In addition to the personal sacrifice it demands, it removes one from other forms of protest; while one is involved in it, and in its consequences, one is by necessity a specialist of a sort.

Another possibility, equally necessary, and in the long run richer in promise, is to remove oneself as far as possible from complicity in the evils one is protesting, and to discover alternative possibilities. To make public protests against an evil, and yet live in dependence on and in support of the way of life that is the source of the evil, is an obvious contradiction and a dangerous one. If one disagrees with the nomadism and violence of our society, then one is under an obligation to take up some permanent dwelling place and cultivate the possibility of peace and harmlessness in it. If one deplores the destructiveness and wastefulness of the economy, then one is under an obligation to live as far out on the margin of the economy as one is able: to be economically independent of exploitive industries, to learn to need less, to waste less, to make things last, to give up meaningless luxuries, to understand and resist the language of salesmen and public relations experts, to see through attractive packages, to refuse to purchase fashion or glamour or prestige. If one feels endangered by meaninglessness, then one is under an obligation to refuse meaningless pleasure and to resist meaningless work, and to give up the moral comfort and the excuses of the mentality of specialization.

One way to do this—the way I understand—is to reject the dependences and the artificial needs of urban life, and to go into the countryside and make a home there in the fullest and most permanent sense: that is, live on and use and preserve and learn from and enrich and enjoy the land. I realize that to modern ears this sounds anachronistic and self-indulgent, but I believe on the ground of my experience that it is highly relevant, and that it offers the possibility of a coherent and particularized meaningfulness that is beyond the reach of the ways of life of "average Americans." My own plans have come to involve an idea of subsistence agriculture—which does not mean that I advocate the privation and extreme hardship usually associated with such an idea. It means, simply, that along with my other occupations I intend to raise on my own land enough food for my family. Within the obvious limitations, I want my home to be a self-sufficient place.

But isn't this merely a quaint affectation? And isn't it a retreat from the "modern world" and its demands, a way of "dropping out"? I don't think so. At the very least, it is a way of dropping *in* to a concern for the health of the earth, which institutional and urban people have had at second hand at best, and mostly have not had at all. But the idea has other far-reaching implications, in terms of both private benefits and public meanings. It is perhaps enough to summarize them here by saying that when one undertakes to live fully on and from the land the prevailing values are inverted: one's home becomes an occupation, a center of interest, not just a place to stay when there is no other place to go; work becomes a pleasure; the most menial task is dignified by its relation to a plan and a desire; one is less dependent on artificial pleasures, less eager to participate in the sterile nervous excitement of movement for its own sake; the elemental realities of seasons and weather affect one directly, and become a source of interest in themselves; the relation of one's life to the life of the world is no longer taken for granted or ignored, but becomes an immediate and complex concern. In other words, one begins to stay at home for the same reasons that most people now go away.

I am writing with the assumption that this is only one of several possibilities, and that I am obligated to elaborate this particular one because it is the one that I know about and the one that is attractive to me. Many people would not want to live in this way, and not wanting to seems the best reason not to. For many others it is simply not a possibility. But for those with suitable inclinations and the necessary abilities it is perhaps an obligation.

The presence of a sizable number of people living in this way would, I think, have a profound influence on the life of the country and the world. They would augment the declining number of independent small landowners. By moving out into marginal areas abandoned by commercial agriculture, they would restore neglected and impoverished lands, and at the same time reduce the crowdedness of the cities. They would

not live in abject dependence on institutions and corporations, hence could function as a corrective to the subservient and dependent mentality developing among government people and in the mass life of the cities. Their ownership would help to keep the land from being bought up by corporations. Over a number of years, by trial and error, they might invent a way of life that would be modest in its material means and necessities and yet rich in pleasures and meanings, kind to the land, intricately joined both to the human community and to the natural world—a life directly opposite to that which our institutions and corporations envision for us, but one which is more essential to the hope of peace than any international treaty.

#### VI

Though I have had many of these ideas consciously in mind for several years, I have found them extraordinarily difficult to write about. They are not new; other men have understood them better than I do. But there has not been much recent talk about them. Their language has been neglected, allowed to grow old-fashioned, so that in talking about them now one is always on the verge of sounding merely wishful or nostalgic or absurd. But they are ideas of great usefulness, and I am eager to have a hand in their revival. They have shown me a possibility and a promise beyond the dead end of going on as we are toward ever larger cities, in which ever more degraded and dependent and thwarted human beings stand in each other's way, breeding the fury of the world's end.

I am interested in the peace that is produced by politics because I believe that every day the holocaust is delayed gives the possibility that it will be delayed yet another day. But I am not exclusively interested in it, and I am not enthusiastic about it, because at best it is only temporary, and it is superficial, achieved always by expediency and always to the advantage of some and to the disadvantage of others. Political peace, like anything else political, is formed out of the collision of "interests," slogans, oversimplified points of view. And no matter how righteous the cause, it seems to me that a man is reduced by walking before the public with an oversimplification fastened to him. My evidence is that I have done it several times myself, and I never felt that I was doing what I was best able to do; I did not feel that there was any significant connection in what I was doing between my own life and the ideals and hopes I meant to serve. I was permitting shame to oversimplify what I thought and felt, so that I took too willingly to the crowd-comfort of slogans.

Political activity of any kind is doomed to the superficiality and temporariness of politics, able only to produce generalizations that will hold conflicting interests uneasily together for a time. But the life that attaches itself to the earth, to fulfill itself in the earth's meanings and demands, though it will certainly affect politics, will affect the earth and the earth's life even more. The land it has attached itself to will survive it, more whole for its sake. Its value will have the permanence of the earth, and be recorded in abundance.

Shame, like other hardships, must be borne. There is no handy expiation for the curious sense of guilt in having been born lucky, or in being well fed and warm and loved. To forsake life for the sake of life is to leave only a vacancy, all the old wrongs unchanged. Peaceableness and lovingness and all the other good hopes are exactly as difficult and complicated as living one's life, and can be most fully served in life's fullness.

#### VII

And so, difficult and troubling as the times are, I must not neglect to say that even now I experience hours when I am deeply happy and content, and hours when I feel the possibility of greater happiness and contentment than I have yet known. These times come to me when I am in the woods, or at work on my little farm. They come bearing the knowledge that the events of man are not the great events; that the rising of the sun and the falling of the rain are more stupendous than all the works of the scientists and the prophets; that man is more blessed and graced by his days than he can ever hope to know; that the wildflowers silently bloom in the woods, exquisitely shaped and scented and colored, whether any man sees and praises them or not. A music attends the things of the earth. To sense that music is to be near the possibility of health and joy.

Yet, though I know these things, I am still a member of the human race, and must share in its confusion and its fate. I cannot escape the knowledge that, though men are *unable* to attain the grace or the beauty of the merest flower, their destructiveness is now certainly equal to the world. Though I would only study the earth and serve it, I have not learned to escape a hundred empty duties and distractions that turn me against myself and implicate me in offenses against my own cause. Though I would sleep well and rise early, I lie awake in fear of evil. There is much of my life that I am not master of and that I see going to waste in bewilderment and subservience, lost in the driving storm of events and details.

What remains I commit to the earth.







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